

THE GATEWAY

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THESE DAISIES AND JOES SHOW THE OTHERS HOW ITS DONE ON WAW-WAW WEEK-END



The above series of photogenic shots illustrates the wonderful time in store for all you Daisies and Joes. From top left to right, that blissful smile on Johnny Koch's face is for Elaine Wagner, who is just about to feed him. Next we see Boyne Johnston settling President Alf Harper into his chair, while Elaine and Johnny look on. There they are eating, mmm—Johnny just can't eat his all by himself. Elaine hands over the mazuma to the Caf cashier. Lucky males—see how well those Daisies attend to you. That last shot is typical of the perfect clinch. We hope you'll all have a big time.

Major War Drive Objective, \$1,500; Therapy Unit to Be Purchased; Campus Military Give Cigarettes

Thirteen members of the Alberta Students' Council met in the Senate Chambers on Wednesday night to discuss and decide on matters of student business. Of the two and a-half hours spent, a considerable portion was devoted to lamenting and bemoaning the fact that the general student body is being told what to do, what not to do, and above all, where to go. Council does not like this, at all. Many and various opinions were expressed, but they differed as to method rather than purpose.

The meeting was called to order by President Alf Harper, who introduced the two new members of Council—Joe Shochor, appointed president of the Literary Association, and Bus Osborne, representative of the newly-created Musical Association.

A report was heard from Al Ross, chairman of the Major War Drive. It was decided that the drive be directed toward the purchase of a skin-therapy unit for the returned men in the new University Hospital wing. Such a unit will cost in the neighborhood of \$1,500.00, and that figure was set as the goal for Ross' campaign. The manifold uses of this new type of unit were extolled by Ross, who had little difficulty in persuading Council that the unit was a most worthy object for the '44-'45 drive. Plans for raising the money were outlined, and Ross' idea is that this year the donor will get something for his money.

The probability of a reasonably bright one—that the University would have the use of the Athabasca gym and dining room after Christmas for dances and athletics, was expressed by Harper, who has been making all possible investigations into the matter.

The fund which, at the request of the Edmonton Branch of the Alumni Association, was started to provide cigarettes for Alberta University students overseas has reached \$357 already, and it is expected by Hu Harries, who is in charge of the fund, that the amount will reach the required \$400. The Council wished to make known its appreciation to the members of the student body of the campus military services, who have pledged this whole amount out of their pay. It was recommended that the cigarettes be sent, with the credit going to the students who have contributed.

A report by Jim Barton on the lighting and public address system was read and adopted. Charges to all non-union clubs using these systems, with their operation, will be \$2.00 per night.

Betty King was appointed to the Committee on Student Affairs to replace Lillian Reid.

It was decided that the telephone handbook be sold to non-students at 25c each.

The M.U.S. was loaned \$184 to help finance the recent Cami conference. This amount will be refunded from Cami before the end of the fiscal year. Expenses of Cami are pooled among all the medical undergraduates in Canada.

A letter from Dr. Newton regarding signs was read by Alf Harper. Discussion followed. Quite a bit of discussion. It is now an offence to post election signs on the billboard at the corner of 89th Ave. and 112th Street, in the Cafeteria, and on the doors of University offices. Students who are electioneering will be requested to remove such signs as they put up in the course of their campaign.

The Junior Prom budget was passed after alteration. The ruling regarding decorations for class and house dances, made after the outbreak of war, was almost unanimously reaffirmed. There will be no decorations for class and house dances. The price per couple for Junior Prom tickets will be \$1.75, as compared with \$2.00 last year.

The general tone of the meeting was inspiring in this way: this year's Council won't take anything sitting down. That's good. But it does spend considerable time bickering over matters about which nothing can be done.

POLITICAL SCIENCE AND DEBATING CLUBS

Mr. Mowatt, who writes for Toronto Saturday Night and other magazines, will speak at a combined meeting of Political Science and Debating Clubs, in the Med Building, Thursday, Nov. 23, 8:15 p.m. Subject: Situation in the Middle East.

Hot Campaign Precedes Voting; Jeffries Elected

Bob Jackson is Sec.-Treas.

This year the Freshmen conducted a colorful election campaign, which is in line with the general up-swing of campus spirit around Varsity. There were no acclamations, as there were at least two candidates for every job. Nominees were: President, Ross Jeffries and Dan (Sandy) Sandulak; Vice-President, Mike Streeter and Frances Waddell; for Sec.-Treas., Bob Jackson, Colin (Call-in) Campbell, and Neville Lindsey were running for election. In the running for the three executive positions were John Koch, Crawford Ferguson, Ron McDonald, Ross Melby, Bud McDonald, Elaine Wagner, and Francis Stanley.

Most of the candidates were on one of the two slates in existence, one with the euphonious name, "Cream of the Crop," and the other a no-name slate. Candidates flashed their pepsodent smiles in person and from vari-colored placards beautifying the university buildings and grounds.

One group, believing that political greatness lies in service, set up a free shoe-shining service in the rotunda of Arts, while the feminine portion attempted to gain votes by giving sweet kisses for the cause—a few juniors and seniors, to console them for their lack of franchise in the forthcoming election, were given kisses anyway. A labor of love, no doubt.

Tuesday night a not-so-old-fashioned revival meet was held in the basement of Big Tuck, with the idea of entertaining the frosh, while showing them the handsome gentlemen and lovely ladies for whom they were expected to cast their ballots.

Quigley, valiantly holding the floor despite numerous turkey-cackles from the rear, acted as M.C., helping bewildered students to become more bewildered, and commended the spirit shown by the freshmen, which, as usual, put the upperclassmen to shame.

Shirley MacDonald, accompanied by Lois MacPherson, then crooned for the open-mouthed crowd, "Together" and "I'll Walk With You" so convincingly that every male in the audience thought (in his supreme masculine conceit) she was singing to him alone.

Foster Scott, in his celebrated "Skunk" sweater (recently elected president of boogie), then gave a couple of impromptu numbers so effectively that five minutes after

it was all over, the entire crowd was still swaying in unison. With those finger-exercises, Foster should make a good surgeon.

After the candidates were introduced by Quigley, and Shirley MacDonald sang for us "Some Day I'll Meet You Again," lunch (sandwiches and coffee) were served to the tune of the harmonious discord emanating from the corner where Gus Griffin, Ross Melby and Foster Scott were supplying some jam for dessert.

Gordon Weisser, winner of the ticket prize, receives a brown leather writing set, even though he wasn't there.

Following the draw of the prize ticket, a torch parade wound its way over to the drill hall, where freshmen danced to records played over the P.A. system by Bruce Alsopp.

Wednesday, as Quigley said, the freshmen ran like dogs to the polls, and by a late flash we bring you the results:

President: Ross Jeffries.
Vice-Pres.: Frances Waddell.
Sec.-Treas.: Bob Jackson.
Executive: Elaine Wagner, Johnny Koch, Rod McDonald.

Share Gateways With Service Men

The Gateway is no longer sending copies of the paper to ex-students in the forces in Canada. This is due to the fact that there was not available a large quota of newsprint, and we had run over our quota last year because of these extra copies. However, we feel that there are many students attending the university who have the current address of some ex-student still stationed in Canada in the forces, to whom they could send their copies of The Gateway after they have finished reading them themselves. We think the idea is one worth trying to carry out. So how about every student every week sharing his Gateway with some ex-University of Alberta student in one of the three services. We know they'll appreciate this—letters we have received from them testify to this—and we are more than sorry that we are unable to carry this service on ourselves.

FWISH

I sometimes wish
I was a fish.
Do you think
this
a fishy wish?

Co-Eds Take Over Week-End of Festivities

Waw-waw Days are here again, and if the deluge of advertisements from dateless males is any indication of the popularity of the week-end's activities, there'll be a terrific time in store for all you Daisies and Joes. And gals, you should just glimpse the handsome brutes who are daily pouring into The Gateway office armed with their telephone numbers and that date or die look in their beseeching eyes. Through the courtesy of The Gateway (Pulleyblank's handbook being still around the corner), you have scads of numbers to call up. So give our

campus males a break, cause they are all more than anxious to be seen at all the functions this week-end.

Why, only the other night (we were told this) one of the boys (after a strenuous evening of solitaire), before retiring, got down on his prayer bones and was heard to say, "And please, let me be asked out at least once during Waw-waw Week-end." So you see, with spirit like that, there's positively no excuse, girls, for being stagettes.

Just in case the functions have slipped your mind, here's a reminder. You coke the Joes all day Friday. Friday night there's the theatre part at the Garneau starting at ten to seven, complete with those cinema idols from the Law and Outdoor Clubs; Owen Jones and his Troubadours will lull you into a sense of all's well. Saturday afternoon, instead of the rugby game, there'll be a mammoth jive session at the Barn. Daisies and Joes will be admitted for campus "A" cards and a war savings stamp each. This jam affair will start at approximately three or so. And Doug Love and his assistants predict a

marvellous time for all.

The highlight is the dance Saturday evening in Con. Hall. Admission will be according to the size of the heads of the lucky Joes who rate invitations. It's a big responsibility for the Waw-waw Committee, so come on, gang, show them you are all set to make this Waw-waw Week-end the best yet.

Prom on Nov. 28

Flash! Ron Helmer, newly-elected President of the Junior Class, has announced that the Junior Prom will be held Wednesday, Nov. 28, at the Barn. This semi-formal affair is considered the highlight of the Varsity social year. Juniors will receive the first chance to purchase tickets, with Seniors and other classes to follow in turn.

As yet details for the Prom are unavailable, but more information will be revealed in the next issue of The Gateway.

Library Receives Fungus Books

Thanks to the generosity of the Philosophical Society and The Friends of the University, the Library has just received a famous five-foot Library all about Fungi—the indispensable "Saccardo: Sylloge Fungorum Omnium Hucusque Cognitorum," a massive compilation which took 49 years to complete, from 1882 to 1931.

This impressive Who's Who of the world of fungi is a photographic reproduction of a work so rare that prices of over \$2,000 have recently been paid for complete sets. The reproduction, thanks to modern technique, cost only \$200.

The whole work, following the learned tradition, is in Latin. There are no illustrations to gladden and refresh the student's eye, but as a concession two fat volumes list the journals in which personal portraits of the numerous families of Fungus, MacFungus, McFungus, O'Fungus and Funguson may be found by those anxious to scan their physiognomies. Everything seems to be there except the Latin telephone numbers.

The University's experts in this field will hail the advent of Saccardo with modified rapture.

Proclamation

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greetings:

Whereas the undersigned have been assembled, constituted and appointed by virtue of and under the authority of the Students' Council of the University of Alberta as a committee for the furtherance of student activities,

And whereas, the male students at the aforesaid institution find themselves in a condition of financial embarrassment, and would appreciate an effort to extricate them from the depths of despair,

Now these present witness that the hours between sunrise on Friday, the 17th day of November, A.D. 1944, and sunrise on Sunday, the 19th day of November, A.D. 1944, shall, from and after the publication of this proclamation, be known and observed as Waw-waw Week-end."

Further, all and sundry the students of the University aforesaid shall abide by the orders and regulations now promulgated by the aforesaid committee, to wit:

1. All Daisies must act in accordance with the laws of etiquette.
2. All Daisies shall take a Joe to Tuck at least once during each interval of 24 hours.
3. No Joeless Daisies shall be allowed in Tuck.
4. All Daisies must loosen purse strings and pay for all Joe's wants and entertainment.
5. Any Daisy walking with a Joe shall carry his books and shall escort same on the outside.
6. All Daisies must rise when Professor Joe enters the room.
7. No Joe shall refuse an invitation unless previously spoken for.
8. No names shall be given on the phone—only the greeting, "This is Daisy."
9. No Daisy shall refrain from asking a Joe because she does not know him.
10. Each Daisy shall call for her Joe and escort the same home.

AND BEWARE!

Any offenders against the spirit or letter of the regulations and orders above set out shall be apprehended and subjected to diverse and sundry punishments including imprisonment in the public stocks and the attendant declaration of offences.

Signed, sealed, published and delivered this 10th day of November, A.D. 1944, by the members of the aforementioned committee.

DOUG LOVE
(Minister of Feminine Affairs),
JEAN HICKEY,
JEAN KAISER,
SHEILA McRAE,
KAY PIERCE,
DORIS TANNER.

THE GATEWAY



throughout the College Year
the Students' union of the
University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

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ger of The Gateway, Room 151 Arts
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Phone 31155

MISS U. ALBERTA'S SECLUDED SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES

Head Mistress	Helen Plasteras
Dean of Women	Isabel Dean
Dancing Mistress	Doris McCubbin
French Mistress	Lois McLean
Kiddie Garden Stories	Marylea Hollick-Kenyon
Chief Adviser to Gardener	Bessie Clark
Head Prefect	Beth Edwards
Chief Blackboard Cleaner	Josie Pritchard
Parlor Maid	Peggy Haynes
Upstairs Maid	Ernestine Gander
Nanny	Sylvia Rowan
Head Budget Keeper	Rosabelle Belzil
Chief Errand Runner	Hettie Affleck
Cook	Julie Spillios
Scully Maid	Daisy Cormie

Roll Call of Students: Mabelle Stewart, Biddie Archer,
Buntly Allsopp, Katy Crockett, Verona Elder, Lillian
Strilchuk, Mary Fairhead, Nancy Thompson, Mary
Davies, Doreen Ockenden, Margaret Latter, Jean
Anderson, Mary Johnson, Mary Ellen Streepier,
Boyne Johnston, Orene Ross, Jane Becker, Yvette
Lebel, Beth Weir, Mavis Chittick, Sylvia Callaway.

GUEST EDITORIAL

(Taken from that little gem of English literature, a
speech by Pansy Yukum on the memorable occasion
of the annual Dogpatch man hunt.)

"Women of Dogpatch, this is a dang im-
portant time. This ain't no occasion for shilly-
shallying around this thing. We gotta take the
bull by the horns and meet the sitooation
square. The futoor of Dogpatch depends on
the action of us wimmen to-day. We gotta
get up'our dander, take our lives in our hands
and be brave dames.

The number of bachelors around this dump
is somethin' scandalous. Somethin' has gotta
be done about it. These varmints have gotta
be persooaded to settle down and raise little
'uns and keep up the population, or Dog-
patch'll soon be nothin' but history. This ain't
no good.

Now, each women has gotta take off her
shoes so's she can run faster, get her head on
some varmint and then chase him to earth.
Marryin' Sam'll be around with his meetin'
book to hitch you up when you got the var-
mint hog tied.

From then on all you gotta worry about is
how to keep his feet offa the table long enough
for you to set it.

It ain't as though we ain't got no good
tradition behind us. For generations our
gran'mammies have seived the opportoonity of
Sadies Hawkins Day to snare our gran'pappies.
Let's not have it be said that we ain't as good
as granmammy was. The eyes of generations
of Dogpatch wimmen is on us. The futoor of
our innercent little chillun (to be) hangs in a
balance. Let it not be said that we never done
our dooty. When posterity looks upon this
here hour and judges us let it be said: "This
was their greatest Sadie Hawkins day."

Wal, that's about all I got to say now. The
only other advice I gotta offer you is: Run like
you was bein' chased by Earthquake McGoon,
keep your powder dry and may the best woman
win."

With this stirring appeal before us as an
inspiration to lead us on, Women of the Uni-
versity of Alberta, we challenge you!
Go out, gal, and get that man!

HAVE FUN, DAISY MAE!

Have your fun, Daisy! It is tough footing
the bills, and all that, we agree. To say noth-
ing of concentrating enough courage in about
two minutes to ask that man of your dreams to
go out with you this week-end. Here let us
offer a word of advice, though we are sure it
will not be needed. Don't be shy about asking
him, even if you don't know him except to see
him, or from his picture in last year's Ever-
green and Gold. The Waw-waw Days Com-
mittee, under the direction of the Minister of
Feminine Affairs, Doug Love, has planned a lot
of fun-filled affairs for all Daisies and their
Joes. Naturally, they are expecting all Daisies
to do their duty.

Need we remind you that after this one
last fling, it will be up to the Joe's. No more
bills, no more calling on and taking men home,
no more nothing, except sitting back and
hoping that Waw-waw Week-end pays off—
and if you really do it up right, we know you
won't be disappointed. Our Alberta Joes
aren't dumb! They know a good thing when
they see it. So you're on your way, Daisy—
and you're on your own!

News and Views From Other U's

THEY HEAR MART KENNEY

McGill students have planned their Junior Prom
for Nov. 10 in order to have the music of Mart Kenney
and his Western Gentlemen. The tickets are \$4.50 per
couple, but they are mostly proud of the opportunity
to be able to have them, even at that.

OPEN SEASON FOR MEN

What corresponds to our grand Wauneta dance
at U. of Manitoba, is the co-ed ball. This wonderful
event makes the sum total of the man-hunting week
as hunted by all the girls of the University of Mani-
toba.

NEW YORK TRIP FOR WESTERN CO-ED

London, Ont. (CUP)—The University of Western
Ontario has issued a challenge to all other Canadian
Universities with the statement that the most beau-
tiful girls in the world pass through Western's portals.

On the strength of this assertion, the Western
Gazette is offering a contest to discover the loveliest
co-ed. This contest is to be run by one of the men
of the University of Toronto, who is posing as an
authority on photographic beauty. The selection that
wins will be drawn from a series of 18 pictures that
will appear in the paper once every week.

The sponsor of the contest is financing a trip to
New York for the lucky winner, who is also to be
given a letter of introduction to John Powers, of
model fame.

The story goes on to say that the number of lovelies
is "limited" to eighteen merely because of the number
of Gazettes. "Otherwise there would be no end to the
list of entries, since this University has more beau-
tiful girls than any other campus in Canada." (H-m-m?)

TO ALL CONCERNED (CUP)

The McGill Daily has succeeded Queen's Journal
as CUP National president, with the Brunswickian,
the Varsity and the Ubysey as regional group heads.
Voting was held this fall because the returns for the
regular spring election were incomplete. A word
about CUP may be in order: the Canadian University
Press is an organization comprising 16 college and
university undergraduate newspapers across Canada.
It has a special wire service for the ready circulation
of news and features. The National CUP President's
duties are mainly to take the initiative in organiz-
ing matters of importance in the co-ordination of the
Campus News Services.

THE DEBATING HOME ECCERS

The Home Eccers of the University of Manitoba
hold weekly debates in order to train for the Inter-
faculty debating. These first debate dealt with the
pros and cons of whether women are over-educated or
not.

THEY WHO SHALL WIN

Lois C. Reid, fourth year Arts and Science student
of U.B.C., won a \$200 Bursary for the worthy com-
bination of academic ability, unselfish character, and
active leadership in university sport, winning the B.C.
Junior Championship in 1941.

SAD SADIE SOON

(Excerpted from "The Xaverian.")
All male yokels and eligible and ineligible bachelors,
bad and otherwise-looking, are hereby advised, warned
and cautioned that the calendar says Sadie Hawkins
Day is not far off. She was supposed to leave Dog-
patch after the turnips were in, and is due to arrive
here daily. She claims she is after the cream o' the
4-eff crop, and because there are so many o' them this
year she's gonna be a little more choosy. So all yo'
young and innocent things be on the lookout for Sad
Sadie if you don't want to spend Christmas in Dog-
patch. Or maybe you'd like to have hairless Jo as a
first door "nahhor"?

Western Ontario

The University Air Squadron personnel of the
University of Western Ontario will be required to
write examinations after their 220 hours of training
have been completed. If two summer camps have been
attended and these exams passed, the personnel will be
required to take only 60 hours training during the
winter months plus a two-week camp during summer
months.

The Military Committee will meet this week to
approve the final policies of the C.O.T.C. and the U.N.
T.D. and to decide when the reduced hours of training
will go into effect.

McGill

A statement issued from the principal's office made
clear that the policy McGill planned to follow would
be in keeping with the announcement issued by the
Joint Services University Training Board. It further
outlined the committee setup recommended by the
board and named members. In keeping with a sugges-
tion of the Senate, the president of Students' Executive
Council will be extended an invitation to be a
"visitor" at meetings of the new committee in order to
take part in the discussions.

THE FALSE FRIENDS

By Dorothy Parker

They laid their hands upon my head,
They stroked my cheek and brow;
Who whispered to me then,
And time could dim a vow.

And time could heal a hurt, they
said,
And they were pitiful and mild
"The heart that breaks in April,
child,
"Will mend in May again."

Oh, many a mended heart they knew,
So old they were, and wise,
And little did they have to do
To come to me with lies!

Who flinks me silly talk of May
Shall meet a bitter soul;
For June was nearly spent away
Before my heart was whole.

SOCIAL NOTE

By Dorothy Parker

Lady, lady, should you meet
One whose ways are all discreet,
One who murmurs that his wife
Is the lodestar of his life,
One who keeps assuring you
That he never was untrue,
Never loved another one . . .
Lady, lady, better run!

THE GATEWAY

Essentials of News Writing

"The qualities most desired and
striven for in news writing are ac-
curacy of statement—in small things
as well as in great, in particulars
as well as essentials—simplicity, direct-
ness, accuracy, and point. Never
attempt fine writing; never use big
words where small words are pos-
sible. Go right to the heart of the
subject without flourish of trump-
ets. Stop when the story is told
without conclusion or moral tag."

—C. R. Williams, Indianapolis News.

Newspaper writing is based on the
principle that the reader must be
given a maximum of information in
a minimum of space. In order to be
effective, it must be concise, clear,
easily read, and attractive. Clear-
ness and conciseness depend largely
on simplicity.

In other words, the story must
be told without fanciness, avoiding
excess adjectives and phraseology.
Paragraphs should be short, about 70
words at a maximum; and all essen-
tial facts must be given at the very
outset, without introduction or apol-
ogues.

The cardinal sin in news-writing is
editorial comment, a general term
which centers on the expression of
personal opinion in a news account,
but may be more broadly defined as
the inclusion in a news-story of any
statement which the average reader
might justifiably consider contro-
versial. This may include frank
personal opinion; unwarranted ad-
jectives such as "famous," "outstand-
ing," "excellent," "enjoyable," etc.;
statements such as "everyone inter-
ested in the subject is invited to at-
tend," or "a good time will be had
by all" (these may be avoided by
defining them as quotations from the
club executive—at best, an unfortu-
nate and barely satisfactory tech-
nique); or mere haziness of style

which fails to define the essential
facts with proper clarity and em-
phasis.

The avoidance of editorial com-
ment, however, in no way precludes
the use of sound, grammatical, at-
tractive English. The paper is
neither a gag-sheet nor a seed cata-
logue—if editorial comment belongs
on the editorial page, a dull list of
facts belongs equally well in the
notice column. A story must be ac-
curate, clear, direct, and properly
constructed; but its final require-
ment is always to be readable.

Basic Construction

A news story has two main parts:
the lead and the body. Of the two,
the lead is by far the more impor-
tant, for it must contain all the
essential information of the story,
while the body amplifies and elab-
orates on that information.

A proper lead answers the six
primary questions which every read-
er asks:
Who? What? Where? When? Why?
How?

The answer to the most important
of these questions must be given in
the opening sentence, and all of them
should be answered in the lead.

Thus the lead includes the person,
the event, the place, the time, the
cause, and the significant circum-
stances.

Just as the lead stand out over
the body of the story, so the open-
ing sentence of each paragraph is its
most emphatic position and must
contain the most significant state-
ment of that paragraph. This prin-
ciple determines the structure of the
news story. Further, since the last
few paragraphs may be cut out (if
the page is over-set), the least im-
portant details should be left for the
latter part of the story.

—McGill Daily Handbook.

WATCH THESE CLEVER STUDENTS

As promised in a recent Gateway,
we will now introduce those schol-
arship students whom the student body
has not already met.

Robert A. Spencer—Bob hails from
Mirror, Alberta. He attended Stet-
tler High School, from which he
graduated at 18 with an average of
85%. Bob tells us that he captured
the Governor General's Medal in
Grade 9 for the Stettler District, and
is now here on a \$50.00 Honor
Scholarship. He is registered in
Chemical Engineering, and so is a
member of the E.S.S. After he
graduates, Bob hopes to own a
chemical factory of his own in
Alberta.

Amy Fong—Amy originally came
from Agassiz, B.C. However, she
took her senior matriculation at
Victoria High School, Edmonton, and
graduated with an average over
85%. Amy, too, is here on a \$50.00
Honor Scholarship. Previously, Amy
won the Governor General's Schol-
arship in grade 8, which is B.C. high
school entrance. Amy is registered
in pre-Med here, and besides this, is

a member of Le Cercle Français and
the Swimming Club.

Ralph S. Nixon—Ralph comes to
us from the "Sunny South," Nanton.
Ralph is 17, and graduated from
Nanton High with an average of
88.7%. He won the Governor Gen-
eral's Medal in grade 9 for the Mac-
leod district. He, too, is registered
in Chemical Engineering, and is, of
course, a member of E.S.S. Ralph is
another of those students who won
on Honor Scholarship of \$50.00.

Henry Hasegawa—Henry has come
to University from Victoria High
School, from which he graduated
with the average of 89.7%. While
at Vic he was quite a wrestler, hav-
ing been a winner in the Inter-high
wrestling competition. But wrestling
is not by any manner of means his
only sports interest. Henry is very
interested in sports in general. This
may even include parlor rugby—
who knows? Henry is another
Honor Scholarship winner, and is
now registered in Engineering.

Joyce V. Perkins—Joyce has taken
her schooling in Calgary, Lacombe,

REALISM

Spurious

Students of the currents of ideas
can hardly fail to see that there is
more than a superficial similarity
between the trend of thought in
Germany during and after the last
war and the present current of ideas
in the democracies. There exists now
in these countries certainly the same
determination that the organization
of the nation which has been
achieved for purposes of defense
shall be retained for the purposes of
creation. There is the same con-
tempt for nineteenth-century liberal-
ism, the same spurious "realism"
and even cynicism, the same fatalis-
tic acceptance of "inevitable trends."
And at least nine out of every ten
of the lessons which our most vocif-
erous reformers are so anxious we
should learn from this war are pre-
cisely the lessons which the Germans
learn from the last war and which
they have done much to produce
the Nazi system.

—F. A. Hayek in "The Road to
Serfdom."

Cynics

A man building on illusions will
always be disillusioned. A man of
faith will never fail. Dostoyevski,
however, would decidedly oppose
cynical "realists" as men, at best, of
penultimate wisdom, as fifty percent
realists—men without a deep knowl-
edge of all realities, of the realities
of evil and the reality of divine truth
and mercy. He certainly would
challenge even the adequacy of their
earthly realism. The deeper depth
of human life lies beyond our polit-
ical, psychological, sociological and
historical categories. In your critical
realism you have left the train at the
station before the terminal! he would
say to these "realists." You have
stopped exactly at the moment you
should have, with the best tools of
knowledge, bored into the hardest
rock barring you from the bottom of
human life and spirit. . . . A half-
truth is bound to be more confusing
and perilous than a forthright lie.
—J. L. Hromadka.

Prophets

We survived because we wouldn't
accept the future from the hands of
contemporary prophecy. We were
nearly lost by the people who brood-
ed so much upon the decline of the
West and the horrors of conflicts
to come that they became quite in-
capable of taking any steps to do
anything at all. We were saved by
the people who lived for the day,
attaching each bomber as it arrived,
extinguishing each fire as it broke
out, propping up each thing as it
fell down, putting in emergency
sanitation as need arose, receiving
each stranger as he or she appeared
on the doorstep, signing each new
form as it descended from above,
concentrating on each energy as the

moment demanded, "doing the next
thing." Because of this, the future
as predicted, never became an actual
present.

—Dorothy L. Sayers.

Alone

When the day dawns, as dawn it
will, the soul of France will turn
with comprehension and with kind-
ness to those Frenchmen and French-
women, wherever they may be, who
in the darkest hour did not despair
of the Republic.

In the meantime, we shall not
waste our breath nor cumber our
thoughts with reproaches. When
you have a friend and comrade at
whose side you have faced tre-
mendous struggles, and your friend
is smitten down by a stunning blow,
it may be necessary to make sure
that the weapon that has fallen from
his hands shall not be added to the
resources of your common enemy.
But you need not bear malice be-
cause of your friend's cries of delir-
ium and gestures of agony. You
must not add to his pain; you must
work for his recovery. The associa-
tion of interest between Britain and
France remains. The cause remains.
Duty inseparable remains. . . . All
goes to show that the war will be
long and hard. No one can tell
where it will spread. . . . And now
it has come to us to stand alone in
the breach, and face the worst that
the tyrant's might and enmity can
do. Bearing ourselves humbly be-
fore God, but conscious that we
serve an unfolding purpose we are
ready to defend our native land
against the invasion by which it is
threatened. We are fighting by our-
selves alone; but we are not fighting
for ourselves alone.

—Churchill, July, 1940.

QQV.

Choir Doings

One evening last week found the
test-tubes, beakers and even the
more stable bottles of HCl in the
cupboards of M158, jingle, jangle,
jingling sympathetically. These in-
animate objects couldn't help them-
selves—no more could you, had you
been there. University Choir mem-
bers, despite threatening term tests
and such-like, were working over
rhythmic chants such as the one
about the sepiac customer who had
such an extraordinary proclivity for
the pasta made mainly with the oleo
steates, that he was quite pre-
pared to accept incarceration with
equanimity provided he continued
to be supplied with more of same.

In short, it was the first evening
rehearsal of the choir, and both the
exacting work of the conductor, Gor-
don Clark, and the get-together
afterwards in the Cafeteria were met
with the members' approval and en-
thusiasm. Looking forward to their

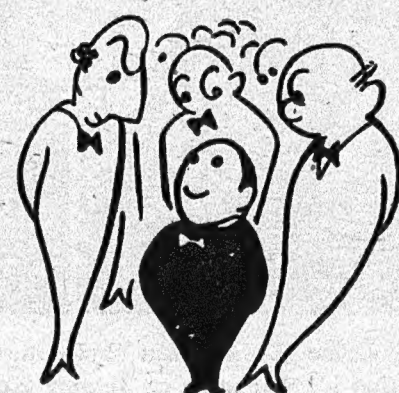
and finally Varsity High, Edmonton,
from which she graduated with the
average of 85.4%. Besides having
won the Tegler Scholarship, Joyce
also received a \$50.00 Honor Schol-
arship and a French Scholarship given
by the Free French Government,
entitling her to a one month course
at the Banff School of Fine Arts.
Joyce is registered in Honors Chem.
She is very fond of sports—basket-
ball, softball and hockey, and has
joined the Chem Club and Interfac
basketball.

Richard W. Sherbaniuk—From
Vegreville, graduated from Vegre-
ville High School with 87%. He is
here at University on an Honor
Scholarship, and is taking Engineer-
ing. As all good Engineers, he
is a member of E.S.S.; also a mem-
ber of the Chem Club.

As we have been unable to inter-
view the rest of the winners, we will
just give you their names:

Walter Goresgy, Robert Tegler
Matric.; I. Arnold Lesk, Medicine
Hst. University of Alberta Matric.;
Ruth Renner, Calgary, Bennett
Scholarship; R. Marie Brown, J. A.
Bryant, and T. E. MacKenzie, Honor
Scholarships.

Flash!—We hear, since introducing
Gwen Guild, that she has won three
more scholarships. Congratulations,
Gwen!



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Features

Breaking the Vice Ring

Writ by Foote

Between puffs in the life of every cig sucker there burns the latent desire to renounce the fog sticks, and embark on a healthy fog-free fast. Now, the essential factor is a motive which inspires the addict to superhuman heights. The reasons opposing weed worship may include any combination of the following:

1. Twitching of extremities—referred to as psychopileupilosis.
2. Places \$120.45 of smoker's money in circulation annually, this sum being increased to \$120.78 during Leap Year.
3. Price of wartime asbestos matches—amount to \$36.52 (this estimate based on the 10-match, 1 cigarette ratio).
4. Condemned as 95% of a hang-over by 95% of our 95 O.P. internes.
5. Chief cause of chunkosis—dread social handicap, characterized by hacking up of nicotine in orthorhombic globs.

6. Sewer side oesophagus (practically self-extinguishing) in which the mouths of fog fiends are likened to Public Utility Pipes.

After seizing upon the motive, the martyr must adopt a method. Any of the following may be the road to salvation:

1. Gradual discontinuance with limitation of the number of cigarettes smoked daily. This method has its merits, but 18-inch roll-your-owns, twisted around the chest, prove cumbersome.
2. The Honor System whereby several friends make the pledge and meet by the hour, every hour to insure each member's fidelity. This can cause much hardship, since there are prying eyes in all places. Besides, smoke won't flush down, and you're not safe anywhere.
3. The Substitution method is another. Every time the thought of fags enters the mind a lemon drop should be thrown down the throat. If this doesn't lead to strangulation, it is guaranteed to develop a large neck. A variation of this may be tried—substitution of lemon extract. This is an agreeable system, but clerks are inclined to balk when asked for the eighth bottle (king size).
4. The last, which is known as the Forfeiture method, entails the taking of the oath by several. Each time a member is caught smoking he buys the rounds for the boys. Soon

a mutual agreement is reached, and everyone is smoking in turns. This is really the prize system. Instead of just smoking, inside of a week you'll be drinking like a fish.

These helpful hints are all tried and proven (worthless). The one advantage that might be derived is that a pledge to never quit smoking again will invariably be made after several smokeless hours.

Trapping Tips

By One Who Got Caught

Are you known as the "Girl With the Telephone Voice"? If so, you're on the beam for Waw-waw Week. But if you heed not the many ominous warnings offered to you, you'll forget you ever saw good flying weather. We hope you have already lured some big brute with-out undue reference to the revised, "Elements of College Male Snaring," or the simplified edition, "Cradle Snatching for Today."

We shall merely generalize today. As you probably know, men take very unkindly to timely hints on behavior, so you will have to just make allowances for their queer habits. If he utters unduly, take no notice. That is just his lupine streak. Some men hide it until the zero hour. The other kind are safer. Contrary to the popular fallacy, this is the time of the year to get your fella. It is true that in the spring a young man's thoughts may turn to love, but right now is the time he will "Fall"—when he's off his guard and can't run very fast. Tripping is permissible at this stage of the game. Leap Year is nearly over.

There are many men in the world—but far more women. So it's a case of who gets there fustest with the mostest. Well, at least it's easy to get there fustest.

There are two paths open to you. Either behave like a man does when he takes a girl out—or be nice. (No, I'm not bitter.) But don't take any of this "I-have-to-go-in-now" stuff. Let him know that you are spending your hard-earned money on him. After all, he'd hand you the same line.

If you go steady, we offer our sympathy. However, maybe he accepted somebody else's invitation first.

To end this disjointed, raving work, may we tell you not to forget that, "It's near the end of 44, and all's fair in love and war."

Campus Personalities

--- YOU SHOULD KNOW THEM ---

Lillian Gibson, in being President of Women's Athletics this year brings to the position an outstandingly consistent record in sports.

Life began for Lil, naturally, when she was born in 1922, right in this large city. She was definitely not the shy, retiring type, as you might suspect, but rather a boisterous little babe that, with her gang of pig-tailed cronies, kept the Highlands in an uproar for several years. In public school, where she was eventually cornered, the main attraction was sports; the classroom only a necessary evil. We gather she was strictly a good-time gal at this period.

In high school this interest extended further to basketball, badminton and skating. As she is a

mon to many nurses, as any of them can testify. However, they were all resumed after she switched her course; and she played in the tennis tournament as well.

Lillian is apparently a sucker for punishment, or else a very hard worker, for she attended summer school and won a cup—women's open swimming championship. She also sang in the choir during that time. This department concludes that she must have a couple of stand-ins in order to do all this!

Last year she managed volleyball and women's golf; was also on the W.A.A. executive and carried on in tennis, basketball and swimming. All these activities culminated in an athletic award which she received at last spring's color night. Also she was on the executive of the Education Club, which was as lively an outfit last year as it is this term.

Alberta College has claimed Lil's services this year as a teacher. She manages to take three Varsity courses in addition to supervising the mischievous little characters confined in the college.

Every fall Lillian has been active in track events; this, she says, is the fulfillment of her youthful years spent in leaping hedges, climbing trees and other strenuous pastimes. She is editing the women's sports section in the Evergreen and Gold this year.

Lillian has travelled considerably in Canada and the States. In 1939 she visited the World's Fair in New York, which, she informs us, was quite a bright spot in her hitherto dull (?) life. This last summer she spent on Lake Muskoka in Ontario as a counsellor at the L.C.V.F. camp there. Following that, she visited New York, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, and Montreal, and spent highly interesting visits at many universities, including U. of Columbia, New York, Pennsylvania, McGill, Toronto—she met countless Varsity students and had an entirely enjoyable trip.

An aspirant for Lillian's hand should be a witty fellow (a gay blade?), and an all-round good sport—a man who can be gay and have fun. His looks don't matter, as long as he's not absolutely repulsive, so long as he's the right type.

People Lil hates: the bookworm who can't or won't do any extra-curricular work, in short, "scabbers" in general—any who (a) takes their phone off the hook all evening, (b) talks two and a half hours to their friends so that Lil can't reach them in a hurry. On the other hand, those considerate souls who don't ask, "And what do you teach now, dear?" are very well received.

Although Lillian is overtown a great deal, we hope you know her a little better from this brief sketch; and realize all the experience and ability she brings to this campus as President of Women's Athletics.

One more who is a foremost booster of campus athletics is Bob Buckley, a fourth year mining engineer and President of the Men's Athletic Association.

The scion of the Buckley line hails from Calgary, where he was born in February of 1924. That makes him a minor as well as a miner, doesn't it? Bob can remember only dimly a few events of his childhood. At five, he went on a trip to Eastern Canada and Halifax—a holiday, however, as he didn't believe in mixing business with pleasure. At seven he was consigned to Connaught Public, across the street. Here his genius was recognized in a short time, so that he had a brilliant record behind him when he graduated "magna cum laude" from Grade 2. He can recall playing soccer, also that the fairer sex is only a painful memory.

Then a horrible jolt came—he was being moved on to Sunalta Junior High, a whole mile and a half. Apart from this, his memories are of a very objectionable French teacher; in fact, the two got along so poorly that Bob, in desperation, took Latin, i.e., out of the frying pan into the fire. At Central Collegiate he spent the final year dabbling in rugby, basketball, badminton, and was noted for his hot jiving and being head of the cadet corps. He also made his mark in operatic circles with his remarkable (!) tenor role in an operetta as the shepherd son of a prince who was no less than Ralph Jamison! Bob's intimates confided that a certain brown beverage improves his voice considerably.

His older sister is a noted music teacher; in consequence, little Bobby beat at the piano (to use his own words) from the age of four up until he got out of school. We have it on good authority that he still plays, but only to the most privileged of his brother Kappa Sigs, in a sound-proof chamber.

After graduating from high school at 16, he was rejected by the R. C. A. F., and "force of circumstances" brought him up to Varsity (he alleges that the high school authorities looked over this "185 lbs. of manhood" and refused to let him back in).

In his freshman year he distinguished himself by instructing his fellow frosh in the gentle art of hurling paper darts at the budget meeting. They connived with him in this fiendish practice chiefly because he outlasted most of them by about 30 lbs., and was also president of the Freshman class. He also shone in

the ranks of the E.S.S. and the Badminton Club.

His second year saw him snoozing through Poly Ec., "and eventually getting the course." He master-minded the Engineers to the Interfac rugby championship; also donned a second lieutenant's pip in the C.O.C. This was his second year spent accompanying Ralph Jamison in the Philharmonic, supplying hot air for the bass horn. The E.S.S. admitted him to their executive as Sophomore rep.

Last year's Freshman Introduction Week was directed by Bob Buckley, who started the recent trend towards making the proceedings bigger and



better than ever before. He managed the Engineers' rugby and hockey strings, as well as carrying the hog-hide down the grid for the Junior Golden Bears. He represented athletics on the E.S.S., and won a six-inch athletic "A" at color night last spring.

This term finds him at the top of the ladder as President of the M.A.B., as a lieutenant on leave from the R.C.E., and still beating the tar out of all rugby players except Engineers.

Bob alleges that he and his fellow miners were the quiet boys at the recent Gateway House Dance. Do we hear shouts of derision from the rear of the hall?

Bob's summer holidays were of the typical Engineers' variety—instead of clearing out towers for a Calgary

oil company, however, he surveyed in the engineering department. Next summer he beat a pick on the walls of a mine at Kimberley, seeing the industry from a worm's eye view. Last year he shipped for Petawawa, where he took army officer training.

The subject of spare time activities provoked hearty laughter in The Gateway office. The stooges present at the time informed us that Bob's was summed up in three words, "wine, women and song," and not the operatic aria they sarcastically added. Our subject emerged from a desk drawer and maintained that if he had any it would be spent snoozing in Florida sun.

The only angle we could set was that Bob is renowned for his repertoire of diverting ballads sung in questionable tenor, at stag parties only. His informers also told that a favorite diversion with Bob is bridge at the Theta house, "Only place I ever saw them trump their partner's ace."

Bob lived in the past years in residence and at St. Steve's, where the principal attraction seemed to be the nocturnal water bottles. As to his vices, our victim alleges that he's never been in a bar in this town, and what's more, has sworn off the evil weed for the last six months, but hopes to accept a cigarette and celebrate pretty soon. He has been known to sleep outside regularly in thirty below weather (must be the army's influence).

Next year will see B. R. Buckley active with the R.C.E., carrying far and wide the Spirit of the Engineer.

DEAR JO

By Ken Crockett

If you have the Hollywood conception of native Indian women, and don't wish to be disillusioned, then please don't read farther. Beautiful nautch (dancing) girls dancing the Dance of the Seven Veils; lovely dusky maidens with firm breasts and full hips; tall stately women draped in the richest of silk saris; young women with sultry eyes and sensuous hips; beautiful native women that send your pulse racing and set your desires ablaze—very, very interesting in the movies, but unfortunately not true to life. So when you see shows like "The Desert Song" or "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," carry a big block of rock salt with you.

There are approximately 300,000,000 Hindus to 100,000,000 Mohammedans in India. In actuality, the Hindu woman is, generally speaking, short, thin as a rake, flat chested, with teeth badly stained from chewing betel nuts, with skin varying from light chocolate to mahogany in color. She is bare-footed, with a large silver ring on one or more of her toes, and a cheap decorated silver bangle around her ankles. She usually wears a little-tale gray saree of cotton looking like sugar sacking, half of which forms a loose skirt. The other half is draped across her chest, over one shoulder, and down the back, thus leaving one shoulder bare. The saree, incidentally, like the turban, is merely one long rectangular piece of cloth which

MICES

I wonder if mices have any vices—
Do YOU think they drink and shoot dices?
Do they overindulge in their favorite cheese—
do they carry a hanky to throttle a sneeze—
do they cheat at gin rummy, play poker for money, and forget to say thank you and please?
I wonder if mices have got any vices like these.

MIA CULPA.

HAPPINESS... OR IS IT?

Unbounding joy that fills the heart...
Bursts... the margins of all decorum...
Ripples of widening peace and contentment...
Love... joy... what...
What rot!

O. J. R.

SORRY, FOLKS!

THE DEACON ELUDED US AGAIN THIS WEEK, BUT WE'LL CATCH HIM YET!

You Win The Trophy, Sophie



This loving cup conveys our praise, for finding us a treasure. Its stronger point prevents delays, its smoothness gives us pleasure. Mirado guarantees to please, and all its claims we've tested. It does the work with greater ease, and sends us home more rested. 5c. each—less in quantities. Certified with a money-back guarantee.



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Men's Dept.—Street Floor at The Bay

The . . . Padded . . . Cell . . .

By THE SPHINX

All mental institutions are crowded with people who have broken down under the strain of university—this one is no exception. The Sphinx, however, is distinctive in many ways. His latest distinction is that he has broken down under the strain of a mental institution, and is being forced to return to university.

"Now that the Deacon is coming back, Exit the Sphinx by the shortest track. Hurrah for this, your final issue—I'm awfully sure that we'll never missue."

So this is Co-ed week, followed by Waw-waw Week-end! My, but the culture of the times exerts a wide influence in the universities! Al Capp, the patron saint of art, will be honored by your Sadie Hawkins festivities.

"Some chickens say it's in the spring That Romance has its wildest fling, But there's another colder season When pretty heads divorce their Reason. In November pulses quicken, There's spring in every chicken, Bachelor maidens leave their self—Oh, happy Day, November twelfth! Co-ed week itself might be said to bring up some exceedingly moot questions.

EDUCATION FOR THE MISSES

(With apologies to the master of social verse, Ogden Nash, who will probably be too offended to accept them.)

There is something going on in our universities of which I don't entirely approve, and that is co-education. And I think it must go back to some feminine agitator like Amelia Bloomer or Carrie Nation. Co-education is where men and women both go to the same college.

And the men study engineering or agriculture while the women bake muffins and they both call it the pursuit of higher knowledge.

But that seems silly because learning to bake muffins or pitch hay shouldn't take three Chemistry courses or four years.

Although some excuse may be found for those who must learn to quaff foxy beers.

So I think there are several questions worthy of deep consideration.

On the whys and wherefores of co-education. One question which puzzles many fathers and which that is why do so many girls say their object in we will call the question patrimonial, attending university is cultural when they mean that cultivating friendships that they hope will become matrimonial?

So it looks like education of daughters is a term both modern and flowery.

Which amounts to the same thing, or at least as much

as, the old fashioned dowry.

Other girls, as soon as they have become bachelors of anything, why their dreams by nightmares are harried,

So they, too, rush out and get married.

A few colleges in America has recognized that university for most girls is purely and simply pre-marital preparation,

And have offered curricula such as Osculation 51, Petting 105 and Man-Trapping 477, which enable women to get what they want without needless perambulation.

Which I think is a sensible attitude.

And if there are any instructors open, I will accept one or two with gratitude.

There are other girls, too, who say they come for the higher things in life when they actually mean high living,

For they promptly join sororities, go to the Med Ball and generally take what life has for the giving.

But what of those more serious girls who settle down to four years of cramming chemistry, physics and math?

Well, they tell me they are career women, and I looked it up and means to follow a crazy path,

Which is certainly right because they graduate from university right into the best of business, gossip and sewing circles, and in spite of all man's preventative

Before you know it they're trying to be another Claire Booth Luce in the House of Representatives.

And as sure as a career woman graduates with honors in Modern Languages

She ends up with a Hi Neighbors radio program giving recipes for cheese pimento sangues.

The only defence I have had for co-education is that it provides a stimulating influence for the males,

Which is a question I had better go into elsewhere with its multitude of details.

But if that is its only defence, then its prospects are pretty bleak,

'Cause every time some of that co-educational stimulation hits me my studies are postponed for another week.

And so to sum up the situation with both brevity and tersity:

By all means co-education, but let's not worry the women with courses, while at the university.

Well, that's about all, folks—the little men in the white jackets are here again, and

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day And Tuck is bare of all but two or three; The Aggies homeward plod their weary way And leave the world to Calculus, and me."

Exeunt Omnes.

anything but coffee yourself. Mention, in a casual, unconcerned manner, that you never eat between meals. She'll remember that for future reference. A few thoughtful little acts of this nature will convince her that you are a good type to date.

Your next step is to be sure she knows where to contact you. Work it unobtrusively into the conversation—perhaps somewhat in this manner:

"How is the food at your house? Now, where I live—10936 88th Ave.—and knock on the side door," and so on. You can also put your address and phone number in large letters on the covers of notebooks.

Then make sure she sees it. Some men, a little on the impulsive side, have been known to paint their numbers in large letters on the backs their suits and overcoats. In fact, I met one chap who put it on his trousers and was constantly bending over to tie his shoe lace.

The more conservative element is inclined to frown on this method, however. But the fact remains that if there isn't any phone book yet, numbers will be hard to get. If yours is easily available, you may have a decided edge over the opposition.

One boy I know acted like ignorant, and phoned the gal a few days ahead of time, after she hadn't leaped at the chance to phone him. He dated her for the house dance Saturday night, and everyone was happy. So when the day came he beat on her door, and they were going over to Con Hall he remarked, "Oh, by the way, I just found out that you pay tonight." I hope you are fairly well fixed?"

But, then, they hadn't been anything but good friends anyway, so it really didn't matter.

You know, there's only one solution to this problem. If you want to be sure that a doll will date you for the things this week-end—then start taking her out and being sweet and attentive soon enough that it won't look as if you're fishing for a day—say about six weeks ago.

NEWS ITEM

By Dorothy Parker
Men never make passes
At girls who wear glasses.

Gateway Want Ad Section

(Gateway disclaims responsibility for results, if any, and for any errors or omissions.)

CLASSIFICATION: WAW-WAW DATES DESIRED

The A.K.K. Medical Club, Phone 32026. We have on hand a fine range of males—popular sizes, colors, shapes, and speed. Results guaranteed; free trial on approval. Please return same in good condition if not thoroughly satisfied. Expecting ? ? ? to hear the phone.

Short blonde handsome man desires date with short, slim, and seductive Daisy. Must be strong enough to carry a saxophone. Phone Bob Pulleyblank, 32787.

Wanted: One beautiful blonde puppet, with no strings attached (Saturday only). Phone immediately for most favorable results. Bill Cowley (5'10"), 81386.

Daisies! Try the Kappa Sigma House, Phone 33675. A fine assortment of males—among them such campus heart-throbs as Ches Clark, 5'2", (we repeat, we are not responsible for errors and/or omissions), Bob Lewis, 5'8", Don Harvie, 5'5", 210 lbs., Bob Buckley, 6'.

A shy, retiring Joe desires a date for the week-end. No preference as to type of Daisy, so long as she is not over 5'9". Phone Bruce Allsopp, 81345, any time after 6:00 p.m.

Bob "Curly" Brown, 5'2", eyes of blue, Phone 32208, desires date with Daisy, preferably called "Dolores." Any bids?

Calling some seductive blonde with plenty of pulchritude. Tall, handsome Joe desires date. Guarantees to please or your money back. Height 5'11". Norm Smith, Russian Hotel, 33008.

Alex Harper, 5'11", desires date. Will be more than satisfied with a girl just like my brother Alf has got. Qualifying females, if any, will Phone 33008.

Business Manager of Gateway desires Waw-waw dates. Height, 5'2 1/2", of sunshine, not too repulsive. Can be contacted at 33329, 31155, or in the Law Library. Just ask for Roger Belzil. P.S.—Must have empty permit.

Four year Honors Chem student, approximately five by five; prefers almost anything, not at all fussy. Phone Jim Murphy, 33008.

Ian McBride, 23927, 5'10", blonde and fairly handsome, desires date for Waw-daw Theatre Party. Preference, a sweet, young and innocent thing, about 17 years old. First come, first served.

Hu Harries, 33086, height 6'2". Answer to a maiden's prayer; the golden voice of the Army.

Stu Robblee, 34407, curly hair, has a fresh permanent; take him out and wake him up.

Doug Barnes, 31631, six foot eight, you can't top this.

John "Stogie" McCrimmon, 34407, supplies the smokes; prefers moonlight waltzes; likes them soft and dreamy.

George Varseveld, 33086, needs all the practical experience he can get; if you have the technique, phone him.

Bud McGinnis, 31631, movie-star looks and small-town experience.

Maurice Lamoureux, 33008, Voice le style français que vous cherchez. Il vous assurera d'une soirée bien occupée.

Combination of Leslie Howard, Frank Sinatra and Gary Cooper would like Waw-waw date with combination of Hedy Lamar, Shirley Temple and Betty Grable. Ed Wood, Phone 31311.

Strong, silent cowboy desires Waw-waw date with equally strong and silent cow-girl. Must be a good hooper. Des Watt, Phone 31297.

Dark-complexioned lad with skin you love to touch wants date. Height 5ft. 6 1/2 in. Age, 18 years 6 months (will be 19 in three weeks). Harold Williams, Phone 31672.

Wasp-waisted woman wanted by five feet eleven inches of blond and beautiful man. Age—Adult(ery). 19. Adam Waldie, Phone 31672.

"A Good Mixer" (7 Up provided) promising by 17-year-old "man" of mottled complexion and torrid temperature. Height "of ignorance." Just Phone 33086 and ask for Baldy (Archibald R. Soley).

Nineteen year old wolf with beautiful hide (due to Elizabeth Arden), five feet 10 1/4 inches from nose to tail, wants wolverine for Waw-waw Week-end. Jack Rosborough, Phone 33086.

House Hunting

By THE EIGHTBALL

(A few cryptic comments on the noble and accomplished art of house-hunting, concerning which the author sets herself up as an expert.)

Our landlord having strode in his hobnails into the hovel he condescends to allow us to occupy for an exorbitant number of bullion bars, and forthwith cracked his whip and informed us in guttural grunts that he had sold said hovel to an unsuspecting blind man, he beat us about the head and face, and said we had six months to get out. This situation provoked months of tearing wild-eyed out to historic ruins in the outskirts with a view to inhabiting same. This derangement seems endemic in Edmonton's citizens.

First I engaged a leering real estate agent, who arrived with a Packard and all other predatory accoutrements. He purred in honeyed tones about a wonderful property in East Toonerville, and inveigled me out one dark night to the haunted premises which were at least twenty-three blocks from a carline. The most noticeable feature was a debilitated front porch flapping in the breeze. We succeeded in entering via a basement grill, to contemplate the foundation grinning from ear to ear in large cracks, with toads playing hopscotch in the drain. Bul-rushes inhabited a distant corner.

Further investigation in the upper strata disclosed a variety of archaic plumbing appliances, which gave out "p-p-p-ding-ding-urrr, rat-tat-tat" (approximately), but no water.

From the front door the rotted boards apparently crumbled, to deposit me abruptly in the basement. (However, I was shortly extricated with block and tackle, to learn that it was a trap for bill collectors, cunningly installed by the previous tenant. Upstairs investigation revealed two bedrooms about 5' by 10' with murky closets about the size of bird-houses. In the hall stood a battery of blow-torches, presumably used either to heat the place or to thaw out the plumbing. Here follows an interval of countless "valuable premises" about 500 woman-hours.

The umpteenth place we looked at was a bit better. The exterior looked promising. A glance into the bathroom showed a wash basin approximating a finger-bowl, with water piped from a carboy which rested in a rusty clawfoot bathtub. Propping up the door on its sagging hinges, I left rapidly while a lean cockroach leered from a skirting board, chirping "Disgusting, ain't it?"

When I hinted to the agent that I didn't think it would quite suit us,

he clutched at my throat, strangled me and buried me in the limepit in the backyard. However, perseverance won out, and I decided, after having escaped, to follow a new line of attack.

I consequently entertained a certain capitalist at a sumptuous banquet (or beer-fight) until he was suitably bemused by the fumes of alcohol, then cunningly induced him to sign on the dotted line, a certain document by which he leased me a new house.

But my cynical associates still mutter cynically, "It'll be O.K. if you can clutch the china while the foundation sinks."

Which all goes to show that (a) it's all very well to take out a man, but don't pick a real estate agent, and (b) don't get involved with any man, because if you did, it might lead to something serious such as marriage—and then you would have to hunt for a house. I hope you can all perceive the moral of the sad tale related above.

Slide Rule Slants

By Fourth Year Civils

Congratulations, Meds — the dog-fish smell still lingers in our column, but what can we Engineers expect from the boys who clutter up the stiff lab. Incidentally, Meds, who won the Bulletin Trophy last year, and where is the flashy basketball team that hasn't seen a floor for two years?

It is Tuesday, 14, the debris of broken bottles, birds and scalpels of the previous Wednesday has been removed, and in its place a very elegant and respectable banquet is in progress. Mr. D. D. Morris of Alberta Nitrogen Products, Calgary, is giving a very concise and interesting review of the operation of their plant. The banquet is well attended by members of the Engineering Institute of Canada.

The Civils are now playing bridge during the odd leisure moments that they happen to sneak. Quite accomplished, we would say. Lessons may be obtained from S. Chrunka, S213, "bids four hearts on a singleton deuce." ? ? ?

Again the coat-of-arms of the dashing, romantic C.O.T.C. emblazons the broad shoulders of the veterans of "B" Co., who survived the "Battle of Sarcee" a few summers (?) ago. You may be fortunate enough to see one of these proud specimens, gaily tripping about some dark alley. The mob, better known as "Bulgy's Best," are at present shouldering arms with "18 pounders."

As one drunk Med said to the other, at the Med Ball, "How did you find the ladies?" "Oh," said the other drunk Med, "Just opened the door marked 'Ladies,' and there they were."

Who will be "Queen of the Ball?"

Fraternities!

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VOX STUDENTI

... by YEHUDI

Alas! Yehudi is just a shadow of his former self. His ego has been blown to bits, his hopes have been shattered, his dreams lay crumbled in the dust (poetic, what!)—in fact, Yehudi is in the dumps. As he formerly stated, he had been preening himself for Waw-waw:

He got himself an Al Ross cut, He bought himself a Quigley tie, To top these charms, he even had A 26 of Rye.

So, you see, he was pretty well prepared. But then came the unhappy day when he saw the proud form of Roger Belzil as he strutted up and down the corridors of the Arts building. The reason for this extreme display of pride was a phone call the night before. It seems that a certain girls' organization on the campus voted the Zates "The Fraternity on the Campus Containing the most Handsome Men." This was a shock, but when Yehudi saw Bob Buckley strutting around for the same reason, his hopes dropped again. No matter how hard Yehudi tries, he just doesn't seem to rate a phone call like this.

Evidently Yehudi is supposed to be content just watching everybody else's romances—which really is quite interesting. For instance, of interest is that

dazed, love-smitten look in Don Cormie's eyes. The reason is an American drawl. And Jeanne Smetzer's loyalty to the Air Force is quite apparent. Even a Zoo, 51 lecture can't dim the glow. And then there is the case of a certain Engineer who can't decide who is Winning out. For a year this has been going on, and we feel it is just about time he made the big decision—shall it be a blonde, or shall it be a red-head?

The age of chivalry has not passed! Surely Yehudi has not been the first one to notice the way in which Bill Peterson's Fraternity brother has made certain that Bill's girl doesn't spend too many lonely nights. Speaking of the loyalty of Fraternity brothers, there is the case of the Engineer who turned up at the Med Ball. And not to be forgotten, are the sisters of the Fraternity boys—Yehudi feels that Doug Love could vouch for the enjoyment of this situation.

In unity there is strength, they say—and John Koch has found a little close co-operation with Elaine Wagner for Freshmen elections most profitable.

Well, girls, Yehudi is still available for the House Dance. He doesn't want to get nasty, but it may pay dividends to take him—that is, if you have a guilty conscience.

Random Harvest Here

(WRITTEN BETWEEN NEWS FLASHES ON THE NOV. 7 ELECTION RESULTS)

The data gathered below were boxed down, according to the best doodling practices, on the right-hand half of October class-notes and balanced by symbols, definitions, and other notes on the left.

These data are ideal for personal application, implication and duplication, but, not being good representatives of the given population of the whole note-pages, such data are not acceptable for table-use, rank-lists, time-series, or ready-reckoners. Still, they could have functional values at times, so when taking direct quotes from their boxes the original imperatives were left in that form.

Read John Morley "On Compromise." You'll have harder cases of compromise to handle in your life.

Those who continually draw pictures as they go along come in the same class as users of "Data are" and pass the exam.

B. H. Streeter calls the mechanical "doubly anthropomorphic."

((The first time I saw that word I mispronounced it—like a chump—I should have waited and kept my mouth shut until I heard someone say it.) It is a comfort to know the pronunciation. Nomenclature, as in life, but meanings different. Stick your tongue out at them if you like, but learn them just the same. All orderliness is important.

Vagueness is often an excellent idea. Even the cat can look at the queen. It's a famous difficulty.

There are people who pick you up and sit you down, occasionally. Learn to keep quiet when you don't know anything about a subject.

To a politician, critics are all a nuisance whether on the right or left. The electoral college system is a bear. What of the between-time from Nov. 7 to the inaugura-

tion in January if Roosevelt does not get re-elected? Take an ordinary election in an ordinary democracy like Canada, the successful candidates takes right over, and very shortly people say:

"Huh, he's listening to the extremes," or "He's listening to the mossy-back conservatives!"

Hold the mirror up to yourself. (Now, if I'm going to be shot by one of you, I don't care which side you're going to miss me on.) A lot of chalk and a little brain and one doesn't get into a dither sometimes—cheaper to use chalk than brain.

The mathematical language is an interesting language well forth the application of your brain.

Come to the test Tuesday "with some ignorance." (Monday is a good night to get much sleep.) Critical comment: Confusing?

See "Aftermatch (And All Those Other Subjects)," by F. D. Shelton, The New Trail, Vol. II, Number 2, pages 5-52.

"But men are men, the best sometimes forget; E'en so by quizzes, young and tender wit Is turned to folly, . . . My mind is up the river with my Shakespeare, And I must pause for station identification."

I will not cease From mental fight; it matters not how strait The gate, how charged with minuses the scroll, Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow I will not rest from travail.

If this stern test before us we should pass We shall go down in History—anyway.

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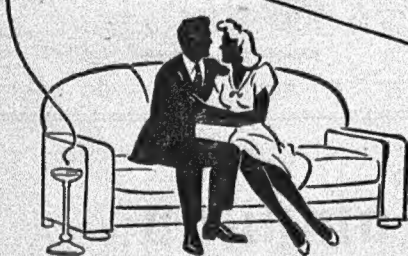
By THE SQUARE

Are you the shy, retiring type? Does the sight of that particular blonde who is a technicolor dream in high heels make your knees knock unreasonably? Are you tossing on a sleepless couch these nights; spending your days by the telephone waiting for her to date you for this week-end? Then come closer, my son, while I give you advice and guidance.

Did she take you to the Wauneta? If so, your chances for a date are good unless you've neglected to take her out since. If she didn't, then you're due to do a little promoting.

Take her to Tuck. Buy her anything in the place, but don't take

War has immensely increased the consumption of coal while decreasing the manpower and facilities to mine, fuel you can't



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Co-ed Parade

FASCINATING WOMEN

By Jean Anderson

The name of Kathleen Norris is no doubt familiar to you who are followers of current fiction. She is one of America's most popular writers of modern fiction.

Kathleen, whose maiden name was Thompson, lived the greater part of her idyllic childhood in California. Then came the lean and lively years when the six Thompson youngsters were left fatherless and motherless within the space of a single month. When they moved to a San Francisco flat, Kathleen, the eldest daughter, went forth to various jobs as bookkeeper, saleswoman, companion, school teacher and librarian. She was substituting as the society editor of a San Francisco newspaper when she first encountered Charles Norris. The acquaintance began when she telephoned him to confirm the rumor of his engagement to someone else. It was she herself who finally ended that rumor. After getting married in 1909, the Norrises went to New York and optimistically set up housekeeping on Charles' salary of five dollars a week. Then Mrs. Norris took up writing again.

Today she is the darling of the editors. Experts have reported that the name of Kathleen Norris on the cover of a magazine sends up its circulation by a hundred thousand copies. Hence, Kathleen's annual salary is higher than any other woman writer's of today.

Kathleen had a portrait of herself painted while she was in France, as a present for her husband. Upon arriving in New York, Kathleen found that her husband was on the wire, calling up to ask what she had brought him. Her answer was truthful, though misleading: "An old map I got in Paris," she said. A painful pause testified to his lack of enthusiasm. "A valuable antique?" he asked hopefully. "Well," she replied, "I'm not having to pay any duty on it, so I guess the customs men

think it looks more than a hundred years old."

Kathleen is an expert at croquet. As a matter of fact, it is said that she could easily beat any other woman in the country. She exasperates everyone by making each shot in a very lackadaisical manner, but always succeeds in hitting the ball or wicket she desires.

Although Kathleen's stories are usually without humor, she herself has a huge sense of humor. One instance of this occurred one day as Frank Sullivan, who was taking his constitutional, spied Kathleen gazing into a store window on the other side of the street. It occurred to him that it might be fun to steal up behind her and pinch her, in good clean fun. It would, he thought, be a good joke on her. As he discovered later, he made a grave mistake.

Perhaps she had caught a glimpse of his reflection in the window and had had time to improvise a reply. Anyway, he had hardly touched her when she turned on him, and in a ringing voice that could be heard above all the noise of the crowd, she cried: "Not one penny. Not one penny more. No, you and your family have had all the money you'll ever get out of me." The crowd gathered as she continued, "It's useless for you to call me stingy. Only last week I gave you a hundred dollars to buy medicine for your poor sick wife. (Mr. Sullivan had no wife.) Did she get a penny of it? No! No, not she! You spent it on drink, my lad. You guzzled it, Frank Sullivan, and they found you in the crowd."

The crowd was now multiplying rapidly, and its members were all eyeing Frank with disapproval. The latter could think of nothing to say. Meanwhile, Kathleen, who should have been an actress, continued to denounce him while tears coursed down her cheeks.

"I've given you everything I had," she cried, "and still you hound me!" But Sullivan heard no more. Dejected and highly embarrassed, he turned back and fled to put the greatest distance between himself and that terrible woman. Greatly satisfied, Mrs. Norris powdered her nose and went on with her shopping.

And there you have the character of the woman behind the sentimental and romantic stories by Kathleen Norris.

IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE WASH

The thousands of restaurant tablecloths laundered each week by linen supply firms are a public opinion poll of the average American diner. For the first two weeks in March, table covers were adorned with laborious arithmetical pottings, testifying to the pre-occupation of the citizenry with the March 15 income tax payment. Each new proposal during Congressional bickering on the pay-as-you-go tax law incited more figured doodling. When the Allies landed in Africa, doodled maps showed a decided preference for Italy as an invasion point. In fact, without reading the newspapers, sorters in linen laundries can tell what spots are in the news from the locales of the maps drawn on the napery.

Fashions are mirrored by doodlers, too. For months, a Chicago supplier claims, almost every tablecloth picture of a pretty girl wore an over-the-eye hair-do a la Veronica Lake. Each new WPB order restricting clothing styles inspires feminine

THE NEW RUFFLED HAIR-DO



Your Shining Halo

An article submitted by a nurse on probie hair troubles prompted us to talk about hair this issue. How do you like the picture of the spandy new hair style we dug up for you? Sable cut hair is short, lies close to the head, and is kept in line without special, frequent attention, according to its originator, Antoine. The back cascades in ruffle effect. It's definitely new, and charming too, don't you think?

Nothing in your appearance matters as much as your hair. You may have perfect features, be as slim as a sapling, but if your locks are drab and stringy you'll have three strikes against you in feminine charm. On the other hand, tresses that are alive-looking and lustrous act as a shining halo for your face. It isn't the color that counts; you may be a golden girl, a red-head, a chestnut brown or a gypsy brunette—and it's heads-you-win if you know the secret of treasuring your tresses.

Let's think in terms of a flower garden. If you're a good gardener, you know that no matter how much effort you put into the parts that show, plants won't blossom unless the roots are healthy and well-nourished. And that's how hair reacts. External beauty aids, such as cutting and styling, can accomplish just so much, plus a balanced vitamin-rich diet. Then you'll cultivate the sort of topknot that makes yours lovely to look at, always.

On the average, hair should be shampooed once a week. This varies, however, with dry and oily hair. Just remember to keep it clean, soft, and shining. There are a great many kinds of shampoos on the market, and you probably have your favorite kind. Some girls prefer melted castile soap, or pine tar soap. The latter works well with dark heads. Whatever shampoo you use, be sure to get it all out in the rinsing. You may use the most expensive shampoo there is, and still not get good results, if your rinsing

doodlers to their own dress designing. And during 1942, columns of boys' and girls' names decorated the lines so that laundry workers were not at all surprised when year-end figures revealed the birth rate had broken all records.

WHO'S WEARING WHAT

As Seen by the Campus Eye

It seems as though the Varsity outfits get cuter every year, nest-oe pas? Now that old man winter has caught up to us once more, everyone is digging out overcoats, mittens and other essential accessories.

Winter coats this year are mostly the boxy or chesterfield type. We noticed one girl sporting a tailored coat with military belted back, which was very smart. Then there are the privileged few who trot out their fur coats upon winter's arrival.

No, you weren't seeing double if you ran across those identical outfits consisting of red sweaters and MacKay plaid skirts worn by Pauline Arnett and Lois Neilsen. They swear it's only coincidence, but we have our doubts. Anyway, they make a tricky twosome. Cotton meal stockings are a gal's best bet against runs this winter, when it's too cold for those precious rayons. Those pretty head-bands of ribbon matching your outfit give just the right touch, whether you be on a heavy date or just sloppin' around.

That's a lovely russet-colored cardigan suit Elaine Wagner has been wearing lately. And have you seen that beautiful hand-knit sweater that Muriel Macdonald showed up in a few days ago? Really scrump-

is inadequate. Get every speck of soap out!

Some use special rinses. These are fine if you know how to use them. Consult your hairdresser to find out. Lemon and vinegar are still old standbys used in rinsing water.

Your nightly 100 strokes are definitely a must! Girls with oily tresses often complain that brushing brings out more oil. If you stick to the brushing every night, you'll find in time it will be beneficial. If your hair is over dry you should brush it from the scalp downward to the hair ends, thus pulling the natural hair oil down the length of the hair where it is most needed. If, on the other hand, your hair is too oily, just reverse the proceeding, and brush the hair upward away from your scalp.

Now that you have your hair clean and shining, it's time to think about a style for it. Of course it is well known that certain types suit certain shaped faces. The best way to find what suits you best is to consult a good hairdresser. And a warning to girls with glasses—leave them on when getting your hair set. You'd be surprised how different a hair style will look when you put your specs back on your nose.

College gals find short, simple hair-dos most attractive and practical these busy days. Just take a look around the campus and see how many co-eds have feather cuts or short perms. The popular feather cut is a boon to the girls with naturally curly tresses (and they don't need a boon). Lucky are the like Wanda Young and Gretta Hanna whose tresses just naturally snuggle into a feather cut. The rest of us, with the straight, straggly type have to go through the agonizing process of having permanents.

Long hair-dos look wonderful when they are simple and well-kept. Don't we all envy the glorious locks of Dorothy Ward, Jessie Galbraith, and Helen Plasteras!

Well, however you wear your hair, keep it neat, clean and wear it simply. There's nothing more nerve-wracking than seeing a girl with one of those fussy, fussy hair-dos on the campus. It keeps you wondering—will it fall, or won't it?

Keep the tresses gleaming, girls, and let's see some of you around with a sable cut.

WAW WAW CHARM QUIZ . . .

He's your inner surge on whom you've had a patent pending for positively ages, and then one dismal day you're strictly amazed to find him lamping the other gals with an eye to the future. Now, this little situation is enough to set the old self-confidence shattering like crushed eggshells, and something must be added to the fire. Take a glimmer at yourself from a long far off, and maybe you'll find out why he treats you like a side dish he hadn't ordered.

Do you look as if you have been overdrawn at the blood-bank? Or have you changed from a constant nymph to a fatted calf, and the fellow ask him if you wrestle on Saturday nights?

Are a slap and dab face fixer, so that That Smooth Finished Look just isn't there?

Then maybe you're the golden lily type, afraid to muss your hair or break a finger-nail, so you simply abhor hikes, swimming and stuff to protect that synthetic school-girl complexion from the ravages of nature.

Looking at things from a different angle, have you been taking him for granted? Never really listening when he talks to you. Never bothering to be your most beguiling self just for him, and always spending your time with him, nagging and quarrelling?

Do you talk in high gear and think in low? Do you ever give anyone else a chance to air their own equally witty repertoire? If you aren't guilty of this, maybe you're the other horror, the duller. You act as if it is a struggle to keep up with the youth movement—you're bored and you show it—you're about as lively and interesting as a wilted lettuce leaf, and there will be about the same demand for your company.

Of course, there are little deals such as being too possessive, or jealous, or intense. Take life, love and low moments easily. Keep things light and laughing—but don't ever laugh at him.

Remember that personality and enthusiasm pack a potent punch, and don't consider it wasted on him. Also remember that his attachment to you is as perishable as a spider web, and once he escapes, you'll have a hard time luring him back.

Probie Plights

The nurses, having carefully studied the Headquarters Bulletin of the Nov. 2 issue of The Gateway, were drawn by the phrase "irrespective of age, personal attributes, sex appeal, monetary endowments, or mechanical services." At last people are beginning to waken to the fact that there are nurses on the campus! To show our gratitude, we have decided to appear frequently during the epic week, and also to share our interpretation of the said rules with all and sundry. For reference, please read the Bulletin in the Nov. 2 Gateway.

1. The first rule should present no difficulty, since the telephones at St. Stephen's are such that any names and voices entrusted to them come out horribly mangled. Not only will the nurse's identity be a safe and unfathomable secret, but she will probably make connections with her intended's roommate.

2. This rule would truly be a problem for anyone lacking the nurses' resourcefulness. If she's a probie, she hasn't even got sixpence. If she has attained the dignity of a cap and, incidentally, the monthly allowance that accompanies it, chances are that the sum in question has been claimed by last month's creditors, who are merciless, since they, too, would be Waw-waws. But never fear, prospective gallant! Where there's a will there's a way, and your Waw-waw will never subject you to any pecuniary obligations. While there is no person alive who would be sucker enough to buy her textbooks, if the worst

comes to the worst, she will pawn her grandfather's watch (with the second hand).

3. What more appropriate place could one desire in which to produce the "tumultuous pounding in the manly breast" than the south door-step of St. Steve's? The broad, cold cement steps (each one a different height) frequented by scurrying footsteps; the romantic, unshaded light which illumines the surrounding territory with its bright, unfaltering rays; the glaring brick wall which leads the eye to a porch full of laundry bundles, all add to the necessary atmosphere. As for the "cries of joy which outcries those of other guys"—they are produced when the door-handle is found to have disappeared.

Since Waw-waw Week-end draws on apace, and our time for social pursuit is limited, we would be much obliged if any interested Joes (small head sizes preferred) would furnish the residence with their phone numbers. Just leave the rest to Waw-waw!

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Theatre Directory

DREAMLAND—Thurs., Fri., Sat., "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," also "Falcon Out West." Mon., Tues., Wed., "Madame Curie," also "Murder at the Water Front."

EMPRESS—Fri., Sat., Mon., "Cry of the Were-Wolf," also "Soul of a Monster." Tues., Wed., Thurs., "The Eve of St. Mark," also "Meet Miss Bobby Socks."

GARNEAU—Fri., Sat., "Step Lively," with Frank Sinatra, also "Escape to Danger." Mon.-Sat., "Going My Way," with Bing Crosby.

PRINCESS—Thurs., Fri., Sat., "Government Girl," with Olivia de Havilland, Sunny Tufts; also "Tumbling Turnbweeds," with Gene Autry. Mon., Tues., Wed., "Shine On, Harvest Moon," with Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan; also "Margin for Error," with Joan Bennett, Milton Berle.

RIALTO—Sat.-Fri., "Mary Manahan."

VARSCONA—Thurs., Fri., "Du Barry Was a Lady." Sat., Mon., Tues., "Dixie." Wed., Thurs., Fri., "Stage Door Canteen," also "Frisco Lil."

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Ladies Ready-to-Wear ON THE SECOND FLOOR



the experts say

Beauty Marches On

"One of the few improvements in the human race during the last four hundred years has been in the beauty of its women."

That's the opinion of Kenneth Forbes, R.C.A., the distinguished Canadian artist who has put many beautiful women, including his own lovely wife and daughter, on canvas.

Mr. Forbes has some definite ideas about what makes for beauty in the female of the species.

First, he believes that no one type of woman is more beautiful than another, but it's the one in each type which fits all the classic qualifications. She may be beautiful in an aquiline way, or in a Grecian manner, or she may have the perfect retouched face, and so on. The structure of the head is of greatest importance. Cheekbones should be rather full and eyes wide apart, but not too wide or you'll get a vacant look. A rather short upper lip usually makes for beauty, and the mouth should be curved and full rather than narrow. Eyes needn't be extra large, but long lashes do enhance them. Eyes set slightly at the outer sides, like those of Marlene Dietrich, are usually beautiful. And if a woman has very lovely eyes, she shouldn't distract the on-looker's attention by too much lipstick.

Every woman may not have been created beautiful, Mr. Forbes admits, but she can study herself as an artist would study a subject he is to paint, and bring out her own best features. He can't understand, for example, why so many thousands of women affect the same style of coiffure.

On one point he is adamant. A woman needs a perfect complexion if she is to be really beautiful. And he thinks make-up shouldn't be applied so extensively as to blot out the warm and cold skin tints that give such interest to a woman's face. "Color contrast is one thing that makes for beauty," he says. "That is why blue eyes in a sun-tanned face are so striking. A woman's skin has lovely blues and greys under the flesh tones, and to an artist these are among her most interesting facial features."

He believes that necks are important, they are more beautiful if they are long; but the long neck must be held like a pillar, gracefully. Mr. Forbes stated that the wasn't to be considered as the

selected "ultimate" in beautiful women, but merely as an example of his work.

But there's another vitally important factor. It is, says Mr. Forbes, what an artist once described as "the spiritualization of external appearance." The spirit shining through the face—that personality which, as in the case of Greer Garson, gives the impression of beauty by its very strength and power. That, he believes, can be the possession of any woman at any age.

The Camera Eye

A busy professional photographer who picks models, studies profiles, arranges tricky lighting to bring out a girl's best features has more opportunities than most to find an answer to the question, "What makes a woman beautiful?" So we sought out Everett Roseborough, through whose studio pass many of Canada's most glamorous fashion models.

Smooth grooming, poise and self-assurance are important factors, he says. "Lots of girls who aren't beautiful by ordinary standards make successful models because they're poised and graceful. They know instinctively where to place their weight so that the body is perfectly balanced. Hands and arms just naturally fall into good lines as they pose before the camera."

A model must have reasonable measurements; she can't be too short or too tall. The tall girls, Everett points out, are being left behind for the time being, along with the sweeping dresses which they used to wear so effectively. Nowadays, with short dresses and suits, it's the medium-sized girl—size 14 type—who is most in demand for modelling.

An oval face with high cheekbones and a straight nose is best for photography as a general rule, although there are times when an unusual type of face, with perhaps a long nose, full lips and a slick hair-do can be used for a striking study.

Too much can't be said for good posture. Everett mourns the fact that so many Canadian girls slump and slouch. In certain European countries (as we remember it from before the war) it was always interesting to note how girls seemed to acquire poise and grace as soon as they graduated from pigtails to permanents.

Smooth hair-dos are essential from the photographer's standpoint, as the back light picks up and accentuates any ends or wisps. You'll never find a busy hair-do on a smart model.

And here's a little tip if you hanker for a modelling career: Many of the most successful girls in the business owe their achievement to some dramatic training, which helps in the development of poise, and self-confidence.

On the subject of clothes, Everett cautions against short girls wearing dresses which make a sharp division at the waistline. Their clothes should run to vertical lines, as far as possible. Tall girls, on the other hand, can wear suits and two-piece outfits.

If you're the long-faced type, don't accentuate it by V necks; con-

U.B.C. Can Can Beauties



Photo by courtesy of The Ubyssey.

There were gala Homecoming ceremonies at the University of British Columbia on October 28th, featuring almost everything from the McKechnie Cup English Rugby Game to a Can-Can Chorus. The chorus was trained initially for the Red Cross Ball held last February. Through the efforts of these girls, considerable money was raised for the Red Cross.

Featured on the program of the day was a Big Block luncheon at noon. After the Musical Show there was a dance in Brock Hall. The Homecoming Show is an annual welcome to the U.B.C. graduates.

versely, if your face is short and broad, you'd best avoid square or round necklines.

But Everett agrees with us on the final round: that, like all formulas which deal with the human element, rules for a beautiful woman can go overboard, and she can be just plain beautiful for no apparent rhyme or reason—especially to some one man.

Sweet and Feminine
If you saw the Army Show during

its cross-country tour you'll still be remembering the beautiful Dream Number, in which the dancing CWAC's moved rhythmically with their enormous feather fans—pure white clusters of feminine loveliness against a black velvet drop.

The overwhelming popularity of this number with the Service audiences surprised even that veteran maestro, Jack Arthur, who produced the Army Show. But it proved once again a point he has always maintained: that Canadian men "like their women sweet and feminine."

Mr. Arthur thinks that good looks in a woman are fundamentally a "matter of good timing." The woman who knows when to smile, when to be enthusiastic, when to be feminine—in other words, the woman who knows how to please her audience, whether it's one person or a thousand, is an attractive woman.

A girl needn't worry too much any more about being short or tall, dark or fair, oval-faced or otherwise.

"Personality is half the battle," he thinks, "and beauticians have their art down to such a science that they can pretty well take care of the rest."

Enthusiasm and sincerity are two of the most important factors in making a woman attractive, in his opinion—and that goes for off the stage and on. Acting experience usually develops a woman's charm, giving her poise and confidence, and training her in the big business of making her personality register.

Two things Jack Arthur warns against: overweight and too obvious self-sufficiency.

"It's grand to see women getting out and helping turn the wheels these days," he comments, "but very few men like the girl who can get along very well by herself, thank you. . . And there's no surer saboteur of good looks than excessive weight. All the lovely feminine characteristics are blurred in a fat woman; she can't wear clothes properly, and she just can't measure up to any definition of beauty."

Mr. Arthur himself supervised the diet of the girls who were chosen and drilled for the Army Show. He proved to his own satisfaction and theirs that a woman's weight could be kept down to the right figure on menus that provide all the necessary food elements.

THE CHOICE

By Dorothy Parker

He'd have given me rolling lands,
Houses of marble, and billowing farms,
Pearls to trickle between my hands,
Smoldering rubies, to circle my arms.
You—you'd only a lilt song,
Only a melody, happy and high,
You were sudden and swift and strong—
Never a thought for another had I.

He'd have given me laces rare,
Dresses that glimmered with frosty sheen,
Shining ribbons to wrap my hair,
Horses to draw me, as fine as a queen.
You—you'd only to whistle low,
Gaily I followed wherever you led.
I took you, and I let him go—
Somebody ought to examine my head!

WE SHALL HOLD OUR GAINS

In the September issue of "Independent Woman," the official publication of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Helen Havener reports an interview with Miss Caroline Haslett, president of the British Federation of Business and Professional Women and one of the vice-presidents of the International Federation. Miss Haslett spoke of the International Federation conference held in Stockholm in 1937, when the organization pledged itself to abolition of the fallacy that women have less to contribute to business and professional life than men because of any inherent physical weaknesses or any lesser mental equipment. The war itself has debunked that and other fallacies about women, said Miss Haslett. Before the war women had, for the most part, been denied admission to executive positions in business and to policy-making posts in government. When war came, in Britain at least, it became highly important to recruit women for just the kind of work for which they had been deemed so unsuited in pre-war days, work that was dirty and dangerous, work that involved late hours and sacrifice of sleep, work for which not only executive women, but all women were needed. Ninety-one per cent of all the single women

in England, between the ages of eighteen and forty, are employed full time on paid war work.

After speaking of the achievements of the organized women of Great Britain and the accomplishments of individual women, Miss Haslett stated: "I presume that my own attitude as to the role we shall play in the postwar world is much the same as that women of the United States. I believe, as you do, that women should share, not as observers but as technical experts, in such international conferences as are being currently called UNRRA, the International Labor Office, the Monetary Conference, education conferences, food conferences, and all conferences dealing with rehabilitation problems."

"What I am most eager for is that all trained business and professional women shall appreciate their responsibility not only for rebuilding their own shattered countries, but for exercising their full prerogatives of citizenship to insure that, in the future, food, shelter, education, and social security shall be available to all the peoples of the earth. This cannot be achieved without some sacrifices on our part, but I believe business and professional women understand this and are prepared to make the sacrifice."

THE CRITIC SPEAKS

Last week many of us went to see the first production of the season by the Edmonton Civic Opera Company, "The New Moon." How strongly it made us wish our own Philharmonic existed! Wouldn't it be nice to be singing and treading the boards again? Or sitting out front applauding the honest efforts of our fellow students? However, that's just another wartime casualty, that those of us going through these days must forego.

But back to "The New Moon." On the whole, it was a very enjoyable production. Mrs. Carmichael is to be very much commended for keeping a civic enterprise like the opera going in these times. They provide relaxing entertainment as well as a chance for new singers to show their talents.

Shirley Neher as Marianne turned in a sterling performance—her first in the leading role. She has a very clear and lovely, but powerful voice. Her acting was very flexible and easy.

It was a treat to hear Mr. David Oldham in the role of Robert. He has a very good voice, and his experience lent a polish to the production. He and Miss Neher were a very fine combination. We would like to see more like them.

Now we come to the supporting characters of Shirley MacDonald as the doll-like maid, Julie; Eleanor Bowerman as Clotilde Lombard, a shrewish wife, and Julie's rival; and George Cook as Alexander, the man fought over by Julie and Clotilde. These three provided most of the comedy, and it was very well done. The hair-pulling, scratching scene between Julie and Clotilde was, in our opinion, the best in the production. The acting of Alexander, Julie and Clotilde was very good, but the singing was weak. The girls have sweet voices, but certainly not powerful enough for opera.

John Markle as the villainous Vicome Ribaud gave us another very good performance. His was a hard part to portray, and it was done exceedingly well.

Captain Duval, Marianne's fiancée, was capably handled by Wreford Johnston. Although we didn't want him to win Marianne's hand, we sympathized with him completely. His song-composing scene with Marianne was one of the highlights of the show.

Our old standby, Joseph Nadeau, played Philippe, a friend of Robert. We still think Mr. Nadeau is a little too wooden, both in singing and acting—perhaps too much audience-conscious.

Laurier Picard, as the misused Besac, and Philip Knowles as Marianne's father, turned in good performances.

The ballet numbers, by members of the Juneau school of dancing, were as lovely as always. We are very lucky to have such talented dancers in Edmonton.

Praise should be extended to the chorus, which provided a very colorful and balanced background for the action. The gowns of the Ladies of New France were the most splendid seen here for a long time. Mrs. I. Olsen is to be greatly commended for her very proficient training of the chorus. Mr. Picard did a very good job as dramatic director.

The backstage workers deserve a good deal of praise, too, for their striking sets and admirable work in the many scene changes. The staging of "New Moon" is one of the most difficult things the Civic Opera Company has done recently. It was done very well.

The only thing we wish about the operas is that there could be stronger singers in the supporting roles. There are many good singers in Edmonton, whom we haven't seen in any operas. Surely there could be some arrangement made to have them perform for us.

We will be looking forward to the next Civic Opera production.

One of the rugby players was sick just before an important game. The doctor told the coach to take his temperature, and the coach placed a barometer on the man's chest and it said "very dry," so he bought him a pint of beer and the player went out and made two touchdowns. (Maybe that's how we won.)

A football player was asked what he had done with his expense money. He replied: "Part went for liquor, part for women, and the rest I spent foolishly."

He (watching the football practice): "That fellow will be our best man before the season is over." Cord (rapturously): "Oh, Buddy, this is so sudden!"

Referee: "Foul!"
Spectator: "Where are the feathers?"
Referee: "Ain't any; this is a picked team."

CLUB CORNER

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Just a Thought

By J. E. Gander

Every column in any paper coming out in the midst of Waw-waw activities must be devoted to those who are footing the bills. Although my phone number was posted underneath pictures of Clark Gable, Robert Taylor and Frank Sinatra, all over the University buildings, I did not get a bid to Waw-waw, and so I turned to books for my knowledge of co-eds. Meanwhile, I enjoyed the company of those co-eds around me from a purely aesthetic view (point).

"Co-ed," according to the dictionary in the Arts Library, is college slang, U.S. (I think it's the word, not the co-ed that is referred to here). It means "a young woman being educated at the same institution with young men." (Notice nothing is said about the education of the young men at the institution.)

"Co-ed" is, of course, an abbreviation for "co-education."

Bryce is quoted by the same dictionary under "co-education." "Co-education answers perfectly in institutions like Antioch and Oberlin in Ohio, where manners are plain and simple, where the students all come from a class in which the intercourse of young men and women is easy and natural."

Much discussion might arise from Bryce's statement, but rather than comment on his conception, it might be well to consider co-education in Alberta.

The majority of Albertans receive whatever education they do get in co-educational schools. Not only does Bryce's "plain and simple" apply to most of us, in the sense that he meant it, but also for financial reasons co-education is practical in Alberta. The same argument holds at the college level. The provincial taxpayer has sound reasons for favoring co-education.

There are some misguided people who, possibly because they cannot trust themselves in the company of opposite sex, can see nothing but evil and immorality in allowing

young men and young women to assemble together. There is no better method of increasing sex problems than by trying to keep youth in ignorance, awe, or fear of perfectly natural phenomena. Co-education, by nothing more than enabling this inter-assembling to take place, does much to overcome the mysticism and superstition that sets up the opposite sex as something not quite human. Co-education should do a great deal to further that equality of the sexes so much emphasized today.

I say, "should do" in order to imply possibility. Granted that co-education has advanced the cause of equality, there still is not equality even in our universities. The girls do not participate in college activities on a fifty-fifty basis with the boys. The girls are more to blame than the boys. The average girl, while she would never admit it, has a sense of inferiority. It is shown in the lack of recognition that most of the co-eds and their activities receive. How strong are their organizations as pressure groups? The Wauneta should be the most powerful organization on the campus; does it exert the most influence? How often is a co-ed's voice heard in a meeting? How many times, for example, has co-ed asked a question at the Philosophers? (Usually there are as many co-eds present as men.)

In girls' colleges the co-eds do run the whole show. But there they run it in the absence of men. When they are in a mixed assembly these co-eds frequently sink back into the same self-imposed quiet that prevails in co-education institutions.

Women have proved their ability in many activities. Co-eds should be the foremost exponents of this ability and equality with men.

(The co-eds have beat us in one thing; there is no Esquire page in The Gateway.)

On the Air

CKUA invites you to listen to:

- Monday**
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.
6:30—Chimney Corner.
6:45—Curtain Going Up.
7:00—Musical Hour.
8:15—Life of General Smuts.
8:30—French Adult Education.
9:00—Evening Music.
9:15—Farm and Home.
- Tuesday**
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.
6:30—Men of Music.
6:45—Men of Music.
7:00—Musical Hour.
8:15—Behind the Headlines.
8:30—Songs of Empire, CBC.
9:00—Citizens Forum, CBC.
9:15—Citizens Forum, CBC.
- Wednesday**
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.
6:30—Chimney Corner.
6:45—Treasure Trove.
7:00—Musical Hour.
8:15—World of Science.
8:30—Theatre Time.
9:00—Tenor and Baritone.
9:15—Farm and Home.
- Thursday**
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.
6:30—Your Home and You.
6:45—Gateway News.
7:00—Choose Your World.
7:00—Musical Hour (Organ Recital).
8:15—Credit Unions.
9:00—Drama.

- Friday**
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.
6:30—Chimney Corner.
6:45—Alberta Stories.
7:00—Musical Request Hour.
8:15—Education For Tomorrow.
8:30—To be announced, CBC.
9:00—Tenor and Baritone.
9:15—Farm and Home.

- Saturday**
12:00—News.
12:30—Opera Broadcast.
3:00—Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

- Sunday**
12:00—News.
1:00—N.Y. Philharmonic.
Remember to listen in at 7:00 p.m. Thursday, Nov. 16, for the second in the series of organ recitals by Prof. L. H. Nichols.

Med. Society Holds Annual Banquet, Dance

Long anticipated, the twenty-second Annual Banquet of the Medical Undergraduate Society was held the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 8. This function, taking place at the Macdonald Hotel, was followed, as per usual, by a ball, with fully as much bounce as the pre-war variety. The affairs, all in all, bid to be considered one of the best of its kind in every way.

The banquet commenced at 6:30 p.m. in the main dining saloon (emphasis mine) of the "Mac," with the usual festive spirit prevailing. Pre-

siding at the head table, Jim Metcalfe ably filled the position of toastmaster in the absence of Dick Corbet, who was at the moment believed to be taxing the resources of Montreal, in the interests of the C.A.M.S.I.

At the conclusion of the ingestion period, Norm Campbell, a lowly first year, proposed the toast to the services, responded to by Col. J. E. Hunter, District Medical O.C. for M.D. 13. Bill MacEwan then assured himself of a pass at Xmas by toasting "The Faculty," the reply being given by Dr. J. MacGregor.

A highlight of the evening came when Dr. Cantor, in his own inimitable manner, presented the Mosethal Trophies, annually presented to a second year Med for "super-rend performance in the field of Biochemistry." The award was made to "three litre Peter" Pilipuk, for his extraordinary capacity for, and retention of, the subject matter. Though outwardly calm during the proceedings, the winner later confessed to your correspondent that he had had trouble containing himself.

Dr. R. G. Huckell toasted the graduating class, and bade them God-speed with a wish and a warning. On behalf of the grad class, George Christie reviewed the salient features of the stay at Varsity of his class; unique in that it is the last to graduate under the old curriculum, but the first to be completely accelerated from the beginning.

Dr. A. E. Archer, of Lamont, past president of the Canadian Medical Association, spoke briefly on Health Insurance, State Medicine, their problems and their applications. The speaker of the opposition was Rene

Joan Fraser Presents Review of "Les Ecossais Vus Par Un Francais"

Le Club Français had its second rendez-vous of the year on Nov. 7th. At this meeting, Miss Joan Fraser presented a review of Max

Boileau, who led the fourth years in a recital of quotations from "A famous last words."

Frank McCleavy had the situation well in hand when and perspiring, aspiring young medics returned with their roommates' feminine friends to dance to the melody of God Save the King. A precedent was established by the presence of one Artie Howard, Engineer, who substituted for one of the freshman Meds, who was suddenly taken ill, and home.

The local C.A.M.S.I. executive, Dick Corbet, Bob Robertson and Al Mooney, are expected back from the Montreal Convention on Wednesday, at which time they will prepare their report for the Friday meeting of the M.U.S.

In the recent M.U.S. elections the following were elected:

Fifth Year Rep.—L. H. Edwards.
Fourth Year Rep.—C. M. Fletcher.
Women's Rep.—M. C. Armev.

In closing, with your permission I would like to confirm a rumor, of which there has been some attempt at suppression by certain elements on the campus, namely, that the Med-Pharm-Dent team have somehow managed to cop the Interfac Rugby Championship. And in closing, with your permission—I close.

O'Rell's book, "Les Ecossais Vus par Un Francais."

Max O'Rell is the pen name of Paul Blouet, a Frenchman who, during a stay of four months in Scotland in 1887, collected a variety of anecdotes with which he entertains his readers. Let me give you a few examples.

Donald, or L'Ami Macdonald, has quite a flair for business. Accused of insulting a policeman, he was condemned to six days' imprisonment, or to the payment of a fine amounting to 3 francs. "I'll go to jail," he said, and to jail he went. You see, this establishment was situated in a town where the Scotchman had some business to do; the railway ticket there cost 3 francs 25 centimes. The day following his arrival at the jail, Donald went up to the authorities, paid his fine and, happy as a lark at having saved 25 centimes, set off to do his business.

L'Ami Macdonald also used a very effective though novel way of proposing to the girl of his dreams. One night, he and Marie (the girl friend) went walking. They eventually arrived at the cemetery where Donald's parents were buried. They went in, and Donald led his sweetheart to the family plot.

"Marie," says he, "this is where my parents lie." Then bending down, he whispered this in her ear: "Say, Marie, would you like to lie there, too, some day?"

Blood Donor Clinic News

This year we are only one of the many universities and colleges across Canada that are donating their blood to the clinic. When you begin to think of the tragedies that are happening every day in Europe it certainly doesn't seem too hard to offer it, especially since we know that after our blood is taken it passes through only the most expert hands until it reaches its destination. The only blood that is not used is that which has fat in it which would go rancid if kept. One would be amazed if he could see a sample of the blood, which is a whitish, milky color, coozing with fat, in comparison with the clear red fluid of normal blood.

Nearly everyone must have found their way to clinic at least once by now. The system of blood donating this year is being run on an entirely voluntary basis, and this is a point which we wish all students to understand. Secondly, the Blood Donor Clinic is giving out appointments to avoid any waiting in line. All they ask is that you do not break this appointment—and if you cannot go, to have somebody take your place.

It is to be stressed that students must not go down to the clinic after having eaten nothing at all. The clinic emphasizes that something light should be eaten before going down. The clinic will mail each donor details of foods which must not be eaten, and the Cafeteria and Big and Little Tucks are co-operating in suggesting a suitable menu on the day your blood is to be taken.

Thursday is the only evening on which the clinic is able to operate, and any volunteers who can possibly arrange to go down on Monday or Tuesday mornings would ease the situation and enable the clinic to handle more donors.

Musical Club Holds Program In Con. Hall

The University Musical Club held its first meeting and concert of the season on Sunday night in Convocation Hall. The program consisted of selections by Miss Noreen Bristow, vocalist; Miss Zonia Lazarovich, violinist; and Miss Nelda Faulkner, pianist.

Miss Faulkner opened the program with Debussy's "Reflections in the Water." Her other selections were "Berceuse" by Jacques de la Presle, and "Prelude" by Prokofiev.

Some thoroughly delightful numbers were performed by Miss Lazarovich, who was accompanied at the piano by Lucy Gainer. They were: "A Romp" by Woos; "Ukrainian Folk Tune," by Kosatschok; Dvorak's well-known "Slavonic Dance," arranged by Fritz Kreisler; and "Day Break," by Samuel Gardiner.

Miss Bristow had variety in her selections, which included "Prelude" by Charles London, "Why Do I Love You?" from Jerome Kern's "Show Boat," Irving Berlin's "It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow," and Mallo's setting of The Lord's Prayer. Miss Bristow was accompanied by Mrs. Betty Sims.

The musical club plans to have four meetings during the season, the next one being held the first Sunday in December, where the program will consist of classical music.

The club executive for this year consists of Jack Osborne, president; Alex Snowdon, vice-president; Eliza Beth Campbell, secretary-treasurer; Gwyneth Jones and Lucy Gainer, student representatives. Honorary president is Dr. D. B. Scott, of the Department of Physics at the University.

Club Discusses Debate Topics

The Debating Club met on Thursday, Nov. 9, to discuss the topics for the McGoun Cup debates. Alberta's choice of topics is to be submitted to the general secretary at Winnipeg immediately. There was no decision made as to who will represent our fair province at either the debates or the conference. However, many of those present indicated a willingness to enter the try-outs as well as to begin those promising inter-faculty debates.

There are still some executive offices open, ready to be filled by any young-and-willings interested in debating and public speaking. These offices, by the way, count under the point system for literary awards. Further discussion of the above-mentioned topics will be held on Thursday, the 16th, and an attempt will be made to organize informal debates and public speaking programs. There is room in the Debating Club for anyone and everyone interested, so let's see you at the next meeting.

C.U.R.M.A. Forms On U. A. Campus

Do you know Curma? You don't? Well, for once you are forgiven, but don't let it happen again. Who is she? Well, she first saw the light of day at the University of British Columbia, and is very popular there. Here, she went over with a bang you could hear all over the campus, and you will hear a h— of a lot of her from now on.

For your introduction, let me take you back a short time. Since the commencement of this session an idea has been gradually building up, and last Friday, Nov. 3, under the able direction of Mr. Cameron at an informal tea, this idea came to a head. Thirty men were gathered together to hear read a brief from the U. of B.C. along the same idea. These thirty men were the students who have been on Active Service with the Armed Forces of Canada and her Allies, who have returned to study at the University.

But I'm forgetting Curma. Her official name is "Canadian Universities Returned Men's Association," but for short just call her Curma. Sounds nice, doesn't it? Flight-Lieut. Forrest was acclaimed "Grand Directing Genius" for the Association (Alberta Branch) till elections are held next week.

Ere the meeting, tea was served by Mrs. Cameron and Miss Dorothy Hamilton. President Newton extended a hearty welcome to the men, and assured them the University staff was behind them. The Deans who form the Advisory Committee on Rehabilitation were introduced, and the consensus of opinion was that they would be of great help in many capacities in the future. The Deans present were: Dean Wilson, Faculty of Applied Science; Dean Sinclair, Faculty of Agriculture; Dean LaZerte, Faculty of Education; A/Dean Gordon, Faculty of Arts. Col. Strickland was also introduced.

So, lads and lassies, you're going to get acquainted with Curma. Her purpose is to aid men who return to University life, the ones who are here now and the ones who will be returning in the future. So if you have someone ask you if you know Curma and you don't, remember this introduction, 'cause Curma is here to stay.

Find out next week who is destined to be Chief Honorary Grand Directing Genius, Grand Directing Genius, Joed Grand Directing Genius, Chief Financial Secretarial Wizard, and Honorable Keeper of the Honor Roll. Just direct your attention to "Curma Does," and maybe we'll have some real stories to tell. Watch for "Curma Does" next week.

1928

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WHEN THE C.P.S. LINER "Duchess of Bedford" slid down the ways in 1928, a new era opened in the design of power plants for ships at sea. This liner was the first to use high pressure steam necessitating the use of highly corrosion-resistant condenser tubes.

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The Canadian Nickel industry, depressed through the loss of its wartime markets, was quick to take advantage of this new market. Definite improvements in the quality and finish of this Nickel alloy were made. Soon Cupro-Nickel condenser tubes were being used in practically all new ships.

Today Canadian Nickel is again diverted to war purposes, and again the industry looks to the future with confidence. Plans are ready to develop and expand old and new peacetime markets, so that the Nickel industry may continue through its own initiative and enterprise, to make still greater contributions to Canada's welfare.

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Girls' Senior B'ball Look Toward City Title

Five Men Named to Golden Bears

SENIOR SCHEDULE

Nov. 20—Vic vs. Y.M.C.A.; 49th vs. Navy.

Nov. 27—Navy vs. Vic; Y.M.C.A. vs. Golden Bears.

Dec. 4—Vic vs. 49th; Golden Bears vs. Navy.

Dec. 11—Navy vs. Y.M.C.A.; Golden Bears vs. 49th.

Dec. 18—49th vs. Y.M.C.A.; Vic vs. Golden Bears.

The Aquacade

By Bill Lindsay

Yes, folks, the time draws nearer for our first gala of the year, which will be held on Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8:30 p.m. All of you who have been improving your swimming under the guidance of Dave Sissons will now have a chance to show what you can do for your faculty. The executive is busy arranging for the judges, starters and timers so that the stage will be set for you to set a new record in that race you are entering.

Although this is an Interfaculty gala, the highest scoring individual will be declared tops for the night. Each individual is allowed to enter two events only, and each faculty is permitted to make two entries in each race. Each faculty may enter both a men's and women's team, and if, as the grapevine tells me, the "beermen" wish to enter a women's team they may do so, and more power to them. Those who wish to enter a particular event must report to their faculty captains, who are as follows: Men: Ags, Bob Kasting; Arts and Science, Bill Lindsay; Engineers, Duncan Bath; Meds, Cecil Mickelson. Women: Arts and Science, Nora Mitchell; Education, Lillian Gibson; House Ec, Alice Stewart-Irvine.

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Three Veterans, Two Frosh Selected By Coach Vi Wood

Eliminations for the Golden Bears basketball team were still under way at Saturday's practice. Thirteen men were on hand, but as yet Coach Vi Wood has picked only five of the ten players who will make the team. Those named were Al Manifold, Del Steed, Phil Proctor, Don Steed and Don Wooley. Manifold and Steed will start at guard, with Proctor at centre, Don Steed at left forward, and Don Wooley at right. Although the teamwork and floor play of these five Bears was an improvement over last year, the shooting as yet left something to be desired. However, the season is still young, and the fellows perhaps a little rusty.

Interfac. Hoop League Underway

Shooting season for men's Interfaculty basketball opens on Thursday, Nov. 15, with Aggies vs. Dents, and Meds vs. Engineers playing a double header.

Saturday afternoon the Aggies held a pep rally on the floor, in the form of a basketball practice. Plenty of farmers and chore boys were on hand, along with the usual gallery of arm-chair and sideline managers. With no fewer than eighteen men dressed, the Aggies certainly started the reason off right.

Rumor has it that the Meds may not be able to field a team. This, we hope, is not characteristic of the Meds after that modest write-up which everyone no doubt read in last week's Gateway under "Slide Rule Slants." However, Thursday's game at 9:15 with the Engineers will tell the tale. Could be we will hear more about it later.

The Arts and Eds have assured Interfac Manager Reed Payne that a team will be playing. Therefore, all Arts and Ed players are asked to be on hand at 4:30 for practice in the Drill Hall. Interfac requires only one hour one night a week, so let's turn out, Arts and Ed.

Below is the schedule for the fall term. Remember, gang, these games aren't just for the players and officials. You would enjoy them also. Try it—you'll find we're right.

Interfaculty Basketball Schedule

Thurs., Nov. 16—Ag. vs. Dents, 8:15; Med. vs. Eng., 9:15.

Tues., Nov. 21—Arts-Ed vs. Ag., 6:45.

Thurs., Nov. 23—Meds vs. Dents, 8:15; Eng. vs. Arts-Ed, 9:15.

Tues., Nov. 28—Meds vs. Ag., 6:45.

Thurs., Nov. 30—Arts-Ed vs. Dents, 8:15.

Tues., Dec. 5—Eng. vs. Ags., 6:45.

Thurs., Dec. 7—Arts-Ed vs. Meds, 8:15.

The squads will be: Aggies, guided by Hu Harries; Dents, led by Tom James; Meds, driven by Bert Hall; Arts-Ed, under Reed Shields; Engineers, pushed along by Reed Nelson. All club members not entering and others interested are welcome to come as spectators. The place is the Y.W.C.A. on 103rd Street, one half-block south of Jasper.

work under the basket, especially his one-handed flip shots and ability to garner rebounds, was outstanding. He makes good use of his height, a handicap to any opposing team, and the essential quality of a pivot man. The new forwards, Don and Don, lack the height of last year's Golden Bears, but have the advantage of speed and more sure fingered ball-handling. Don Steed especially shows plenty of past experience. Tricky but clever shots and passes, mingled with speed, seems to be the talent of these two.

As usual, Al Manifold put on a display of smooth basketball. He is still the same reliable man, good for eight points in any game. Don Steed's shooting is acquiring of past seasons, and last Saturday it was hot.

In comparison with last year's team, your reporter would say this season's Bears will have less height but more speed, better teamwork, more co-operation in general, and perhaps more experience. The style of ball should be faster, and the scores will be (if we may make this prediction) higher. Also on hand was Ed Patching, the new basketball manager. The Bears will miss Ed as a player, but should benefit from his past experience in his newly acquired office.

Neil McGoarty Addressed Club At St. Joe's, Sun.

Members of the Newman Club met for benediction in St. Joe's Chapel at 7:30, Sunday evening. They then repaired to the educational department, where the guest speaker, Mr. Neil McGoarty, was introduced by Brother Ansbet, the rector of the college. Mr. McGoarty spoke for fifteen minutes on the future roles the club members will be playing in the post-war world.

After this interesting conference, the members danced in the gym until refreshments were served in the library, after which they continued the dance. The refreshments were prepared under the supervision of Lucille Cote.

Co-Ed "Stag" Party Crashed By Disguised Ubysey Editor

Vancouver, B.C. (via CUP).—The Saturday Editor of the Ubysey, Cal Whitehead, crashed the annual "stag" party of the U.B.C. Women's Undergraduate Society. Disguised as a co-ed, he sneaked past the girl at the door, and joined the girls, who were dressed in nightgowns and pyjamas. He was not noticed during his participation in the games and other events. He was almost discovered during the sing-song because of his bass voice, but he managed to explain this off as a cold. However, near the end of the evening, one of the girls, a sports reporter on the Ubysey, recognized him, and the entire group of girls chased him out. No injuries resulted. The culprit managed to get away with his masquerade by ducking himself out in a green candle-wick gown over blue pyjamas, with a long wig and feminine accessories.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA RETURNED MEN'S ASSOCIATION

Elected Friday, November 10: President: ex-Flight Lieut. Blake Forrest, D.F.C. (pre-engineering). Vice-President: ex-Flying Officer Kenneth Crockett, who served with the R.C.A.F. for two years in India and eight months in England (2nd year law). Secretary: ex-Flight Sergt. Claude May, who served 2½ years with the R.C.A.F., and who flew on operations from both Canadian coasts (1st year engineering). Manager of Entertainments: Mike Bevan, now in 4th year agriculture, after serving with both the Canadian Army and R.C.A.F. Hon. President: Lieut. Col. E. H. Strickland, now Professor of Entomology.

Table Tennis Club Formed

Don Campbell Elected President—Watch Bulletin Boards For Notices

The Table Tennis Club held an organization meeting on Friday, Nov. 3, in Arts 135.

Officers elected were as follows: President, Don Campbell; Vice-President, Bob Price; Sec. Treas., Marguerite Hayes; Publicity, Marian McClelland.

This club is a new arrival to the campus, and judging from the turnout of interested students, should prove most popular.

Even though the most necessary item, the "ping-pong" ball, is almost a thing of the past, we think the club has "their eye on the ball," and through influential friends will be able to obtain those "elusive little pills."

Time for play has not been definitely decided upon, so all interested table tennis fans watch the bulletin boards for further notices.

Outdoor Club Looks Forward To Waw-Waw

Are Putting on Show at Garneau Theatre, Friday

Hey, kids! Do you want to know the truth about Sadie Hawkins' Day? For a nominal financial consideration at the Garneau Theatre, you can be really in the know—as well as seeing a swell movie. The shining lights of the Outdoor Club have unearthed several rare old manuscripts which they will publicly enact for Daisy and Joe, at this so-auspicious time. You may think you know all, but no one is truly informed until they have gaped in awe at the fatal pronouncements of John "You'll Never Know Him" Linney, the breath-taking beauty of a couple of well-known co-eds, and the herculean accomplishments of Bob "Beat-Me-Daddy" Walker. Contracts are pending between the O.C. and many most-prominent Daisies and Joes, who will lend their talents to this exciting extravaganza of exciting exposition.

Memorial Service Held on Saturday Prof. Nichols Plays

Although there was no University holiday on November 11th, lectures were dismissed at 10:45 and resumed at 11:15 a.m., permitting those who so desired to attend the Commemorative Recital by L. H. Nichols, organist to the University, held in Convocation Hall. Owing to the large attendance, many were obliged to stand.

The program was as follows: Adagio from 2nd Organ Sonata Mendelssohn

Largo from New World Symphony Dvorak

Requiem Aeternam Basil Harwood

Two Minutes Silence

Dead March in Saul Handel

A hymn: Now praise we great and famous men.

God Save the King

Recessional: Pomp and Circumstance Elgar

The selections played by Professor Nichols were well adapted to the occasion.

It is of interest to know that the Organ and Tablets in the halls of the University are a memorial to the fallen in the First Great War, and were erected in 1925 by the alumni of the University with funds given by graduates, members of the teaching staff, employees, undergraduates and friends of the University.

An organ recital has been held each year since then at the hour of the inauguration of the organ, and was given this year also as a tribute to include those to the University who have already given their lives in the present war.

NEWMAN CLUB HOLD SERVICE FOR WAR DEAD

On Sunday, Nov. 12, members of the Newman Club assisted at a memorial mass and benediction for University students who have made the supreme sacrifice in the present world war.

Rev. Father R. V. Britton, Editor of the Western Catholic, celebrated mass and preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, reminding his hearers of their obligation to remember in their prayers the souls of their departed confreres who have died in defence of freedom and democracy.

A final benediction and absolution concluded the service. St. Joseph's chapel was filled to capacity as the students gathered to pay tribute to their friends of recent years.

Coach Tommy McClocklin is Convinced He Has Makings of Championship Team

Girls' basketball this year is going to be bigger and better than ever. The number trying for the Senior team has increased somewhat from previous years, and all show good basketball form. There should be no difficulty in selecting a winning team.

There seems to be a new enthusiasm around the campus for sports in general, and especially for Senior basketball. With the remaining members from last year's team and the new hoop stars, we should really go places. Of course, everybody needs the dust brushed off and a little oil on the rusty hinges and joints, but with the expert and efficient coaching of our old friend Tommy McClocklin, things are shaping up for a fine season.

The team has entered the city league, and this really means business. Competition will be of the highest quality—such as Noel MacDonald Robertson, Etta Dann and other former Grad members and previous world champions. It will be a hard battle, but the girls wearing the Green and Gold will be in there fighting all the way. This league series will be a lead up to the hoped for Saskatoon trip. The girls will be right in from the start, as they are scheduled to play the first game in the series Nov. 24th against Northwest Air Command. Watch The Gateway for notice of time and place. We want a cheering section out to boost our morale and spur your team on to the desired victory. The rugby players have shown us how it's done, and we hope to follow in their footsteps.

The team has not definitely been chosen yet. However, there is a lot of good material to choose from, and the line will soon be picked. The girls are out faithfully to practice, where they go through the one-two under the watchful eye of Coach McClocklin, and believe me (this is inside information), no less than a third degree. However, we all enjoy it.

Some members of last year's team are back in harness again to see what can be done in '44-'45. These faithful few, with the newcomers showing such promising form, will be a combination that should prove rather annoying to any opponents.

The following members of the gentler sex can be found in the gym on Wednesday evenings and Saturday afternoons acquainting themselves with the why's and wherefore's of basketball technique: June Causgrover. Practically a full-fledged nurse, and a favorite athlete around Varsity for the past three years, is back in commission. June was not able to be an active member last year due to her unco-operative appendix, but seems to be in good condition after her rest.

Eleanor Krys: Representative of Varsity on the team for two years, is gracing the floor once more. She, along with Vera Hole and Sylvia Callaway, learned the rules of the trade at Victoria High School right here in Edmonton. They helped spark the Vics to the City High School Trophy for three successive years, back in—well, that's another story. Vera has the experience, height and ability that makes her hard to beat. Hole and Callaway, "The Long and the Short of it," contribute to Coach McClocklin's sleepless nights and account for his grey hairs. However, they are a good playing combination, so watch them.

Dot Wilson, another member of the Nightingale Squad, proves along with the others that the Nurses have other interests than just a newly-starched uniform.

Dorothy Jones, who hails from Clyde, is a newcomer this year. She played for one of the city league teams last year, and works well with the team.

Norma Howard, another hometown star, comes from West Glen High. Norma is well known in speed skating and swimming circles

as well as on the basketball floor. Lois Dupont, "Sonny" to all her former basketball fans, acquired her fine technique here in Edmonton at Conna. Sonny is a very promising asset to the team.

Lil Gibson, well known to all for her athletic ability, also may be seen on the floor showing her usual spirit of co-operation and enthusiasm.

Adding strength to the above are such new members to Varsity's hoop squad as Dot Ward, Gwen Caverhill, Hazel Bennett, Lillian Gehrk, Ellen Smith, Jackie McKay.

The team this year really intends to put its best foot forward and bring basketball to the fore again. We have the right coach and the girls that can do it. But the team needs your support. How about it? Are you with us?

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Badminton Club Pays Tues., Fri., In Drill Hall

MEN IN DEMAND

Varsity co-eds are really keeping the birds busy this year, and may be seen battling them briskly about on Tuesday and Friday nights from 8 to 10 p.m.

Badminton is a most enjoyable way of putting in the necessary war hours for the busy undergrads. From the large attendance noted on both nights one can see that the Freshettes are really taking advantage of this opportunity. At present play is carried on in the Drill Hall, but we have high hopes that the Athabaska gym, which provides better lighting, will soon be ready for use.

Although the large majority of players in the club are "fems," we are very appreciative of the "he-man" efforts of our few faithful braves who do the heavy work of setting up the nets each play night.

A successful Interfac round robin was held on October 29, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all participating. We are hoping for more of the same in the future.

So girls, if you want to keep that nice trim figure and get your war hours at the same time, turn out for Badminton on Tuesday and Friday and watch those birds fly by!

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